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1921.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GRADUS AD PARNASSUM. By LT.-COMMANDER E. HILTON YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C., M.P.	385
HARROW IN THE 'FIFTIES. By SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD	394
SPIKENARD. By C. E. LAWRENCE	413
SILHOUETTES: THOMAS CARLYLE. By ROSALINE MASSON	421
THE OLD-FASHIONED DOCTOR. By SIR S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.D.	426
THE DESK. By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON	435
TEMPERANCE MADE EASY. By EDITH SELLERS	455
SCIENCE AND SPITSBERGEN. By J. S. HUXLEY	467
THE FOUNDING OF A CITY. By ANGELO C. SCOTT	475
THE TREKBOKKE OR MIGRATORY SPRINGBUCKS OF SOUTH AFRICA. By T. B. DAVIE. WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY S. C. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER	483
THE PROVOCATOR. CH. VII-IX. By CAPTAIN W. L. BLENNER- HASSETT, D.S.O.	488

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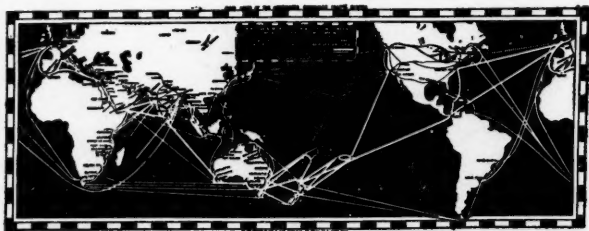
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THE
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GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

THE Greek mythologist thought that birds were worthy to share with the Muses the slopes of Parnassus; but Parnassus is a remote hill, and it is only too easy to spend a life-time without ascending it, or hearing the song of either the Muses or the birds. It was only about a year ago, while I was walking in a lane near Marlborough, that I first noticed the existence of birds with any very particular attention. My eye was caught by a small one that sat upon a rail and said 'crash!' at long intervals, very distinctly. It seemed a pleasantly easy form of conversation, so I sat down and replied to the little bird in the same strain, and while I talked to it I made a mental note of its appearance. Some time later I went to South Kensington in order to see if I could identify what sort of little bird it was, and after a long and exhausting search, I did so. It was the Golden Honey Bird (I think that was the name), which is a native of Central Australia. There could be no doubt about it. The common bunting was rather like it, too, and, having since met many common buntings, I must admit that they all said 'crash!' in just the same way. But the bird in the museum that was most like my friend in the lane was the Golden Honey Bird, nothing less; and that is the sensational sort of adventure that one often has when one starts to notice birds.

I was a good deal encouraged by my remarkable success at this, my first step towards Parnassus. Few can have added a new species to the British fauna with the very first bird that ever caught their attention. I took to noticing birds wherever I went, and to visiting the Museum in order to identify them, and for a time I maintained the high standard of my first observation. Clearing my mind of all preconceptions as to probabilities, which was certainly the scientific thing to do, and making my identifications simply on the evidence of appearance, I found at first that I had been seeing Arctic blue-throats, Indian bee-eaters, citril finches,

humming birds, Iceland falcons, and many other unusual species. But observations so remarkable grew fewer and fewer as time went on, and I found that more and more I was seeing only thrushes, blackbirds, and greenfinches. Now they have stopped altogether; and I count myself lucky if in the course of a day's walk I can identify with certainty anything more pleasing than a chaffinch or a sparrow. The age of reality has succeeded to the age of romance; and I sigh for the days of last summer, when there was an Icterine Warbler on every twig. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

Birds, I have learned, are very difficult to see. They will not sit still for a minute; they are for ever flying off; and it is no good running after them—they can fly a great deal faster than I can run. So far as their appearance goes, I should say that they fall into two divisions: sizable birds which can be distinguished from each other, and little brown birds which cannot. The limiting case, as mathematicians used to say, and do still for all that I know, is the starling. Anything bigger than a starling can and ought to be identified, and it is not safe to draw upon one's imagination about it in company—one may be found out. Anything smaller than a starling is at one's disposal for imaginative treatment. It will have flown away long before anybody can be certain enough about it to venture upon a contradiction; and, in any case, it is ten to one that it is a sparrow. There are, however, some simple rules that help to give an air at least of verisimilitude to the assertions that one makes to oneself or to others about the identity of little brown birds. Anything that stands on its head or runs about upside-down is a tit. Anything that is obviously not plain brown, but has black and white about it, and does not stand on its head, is a chaffinch, but sometimes it is a wagtail. Anything that is plain brown and is certainly not a sparrow, is a warbler of some sort, as likely as not; and so on. But on the whole the identification of little brown birds by the eye alone is an impossible business, and it must be left to experts and to patient people with field-glasses.

It is to the ear rather than to the eye that birds reveal themselves when one first begins to notice them, and the best new pleasures that their acquaintance brings are pleasures of hearing, and not of sight. Before my experience of conversion to ornithology, in the lane near Marlborough, by the Golden Honey Bird (or was it a common bunting?) I was aware only, with the poet, that at times the air of the country-side was filled with a

‘sweet jargoning.’ Afterwards, the jargoning began gradually to sort itself out into an articulate chorus of recognisable voices and parts. When I entered a wood, for instance, that was frequented by song-birds, their singing, that at first seemed so wildly confused, became after a moment or two a concert of individual minstrels. Treble, alto, tenor, and bass; wrens, blackcaps, blackbirds, and wood-pigeons; the part of each could be distinguished, and the ability to distinguish them brought with it a great increase in that sense of intimacy with the proceedings of nature, in which lies the keenest pleasure that can be had from natural things. But the ability was very difficult to acquire. If there is a royal road to knowledge about the song of birds, I have not found it. Books are no good. The writers of the standard books about birds must have very good eyes. They can tell between a Marsh Tit and a Willow Tit without any difficulty, and that is more than some of us can do even when we have got the two in our hands. But they do not seem to have very good ears. I do not think that any of the standard writers say anything about songs and call-notes that is of any service at all in helping a beginner to identify them. They describe them so badly. It does not really help one to be told that a certain bird says ‘chow-chow! chiddy-chiddy!’ One knows that as a matter of fact no bird ever did say that, or any words to the like effect. Sometimes, too, they make definite mistakes. There is one standard work, for instance, which says that the song of the robin is ‘musical, but of no great compass.’ I say, on the contrary, and I wager that anybody who has ever listened to a robin’s song with attentive ears will bear me out, that the chief characteristic of it is that its compass is exceptionally great. Most birds sing very small intervals, even a blackbird seems to confine himself to a fifth for the whole of his range, but a robin often sings an octave or more. Perhaps the author when he wrote ‘compass’ meant something else, such as *répertoire*, or execution. The robin, his best friends must admit, is a little lacking in both of these; but in compass he is a wonder.

Books are no good; and science, in truth, has no way in which it can teach us much about birds’ song. Perhaps it will have one some day, if it thinks it worth while, and can persuade a nightingale to sit and sing to a gramophone. A nightingale will be the easiest bird for it to persuade, because of its affection for suburban back-gardens, which must have long since deprived the gramophone of all terrors for it. But until that day comes, birds’ song is for the most

part pure folk-lore, and the only way in which to acquire it is to sit at the feet of some tenant of the tradition. I have learned most of the little that I know from such a tenant, a small girl of ten. Whence she in her turn received the tradition I do not know; but she knows so much and with such precision that I think she must have received it from some bird, some wise old starling, it may be, who gave her private lessons in his hedge-school, enlivening them, after the manner of starlings, with illustrative imitations of all the other birds. Her knowledge is folk-lore, pure and simple. She will not reason with me about the information that she gives—like Browning, she only knows.

‘What is that singing now?’ I ask.

‘That is a blackcap.’

‘How do you know it is a blackcap?’

‘Because that is how a blackcap sings.’

It is extraordinarily convincing, and I would no more doubt her statements than I would doubt the multiplication table. I feel, indeed, that in these conversations we are touching that fringe of instinctive apprehension in which the French philosopher expects to find the ultimate reality.

It was from her that I learned to know apart all the usual songs of field, wood, and hedgerow; and on her instruction I have based a generalisation that may be of use to other beginners. It is that there are two schools of songster, those that sing and those that warble. The first utter definite phrases which they repeat over and over again, always the same phrases, although often in a new order. One can memorise them and recognise them at once. The second just make a jolly noise, more or less musical as the case may be. They have characteristic intervals and tones of voice by which they can be identified, but to me it is impossible to commit their songs to memory. In the first class are the thrush, blackbird, wren, nightingale, the finches, when they sing at all, and buntings, if they can be called songsters; and in the second are the blackcap (*facile princeps*), whitethroat, and all the other warblers strictly so called, the hedge-sparrow, the lark, and the pipits. Outside these two schools there are the cheerful shouters who make no pretence to song: crows, pigeons, owls, woodpeckers, plovers and waders, gulls, cuckoos, hawks, waterfowl, and ducks.

In the first school, the school of the formal singers, the nightingale is, of course, much the most celebrated, but I confess to an

inability to understand why he should be rated so high as he is. There is something half-hearted and tentative about his song that makes me feel, when I hear him, as if I were hearing a great singer indeed, but one who is practising and not performing. He sings as if he were thinking all the time about voice-production and the notes; and often the strain is left half-finished. And then, although it may be admitted that he ranks with any *prima donna*, it is, I fear, a *prima donna* of the German or Wagnerian school. He cannot leave his voice alone to express whatever the music has in it: he must for ever be forcing the emotion. One who prefers the Italian school of song to the German can have no hesitation in rejecting the claims of the nightingale in favour of those of the wren. In the wren's song there is no artificial forcing of the emotions, no reliance on sentimental tremolos, or on exaggerated crescendoes and diminuendoes. He lets his voice sing the music as the music wishes to be sung, with perfect simplicity, and yet his technical brilliance is certainly not inferior to that of the nightingale; he can produce a trill that puts the nightingale to shame. He is a fine example of the beautiful old *bel canto* school of singing, and it is a pleasure to hear him after the slipshod performances that one hears, sometimes from the nightingale, and only too often from the other formal singers. For it must be admitted that those others—thrushes, blackbirds, and the rest—are not to be compared with these two. They are inferior to the nightingale in beauty of tone, and far inferior to the wren in beauty of execution.

The fine qualities of the wren's song make it almost the easiest of all to identify; and the little hard, dry, toneless 'reel' that always comes in the middle of it ought to make it impossible not to do so. But there are so many minor and subtle variations in the song of any bird that if one listens to any strain long and carefully one may begin to doubt, however familiar the performer may be, whether one is not listening to something never heard before. Being of late on a visit to East Anglia, I was frequently greeted at early dawn by a bird of the formal school that sang loudly from a pine-tree near my bedroom window. The oftener I heard it, the less I was able to recognise it. I described it as well as I could to my Egeria, and I assured her that whatever else it was, it was not a wren. A wren at least I knew. She listened to my illustrative warblings, and said that it was a yellow-hammer. That was neither complimentary to my powers of song, nor, as I knew, was it true; so I was reduced to the forlorn hope of trying to identify

the bird by sight. I lay in wait for it and saw it quite close, a tiny bird that crept about amongst the matted branches with its tail in the air. A wren it was; but I will maintain that it was a wren with a strong East Anglian accent, and easily to be mistaken by one used only to the honest Wessex of the Wiltshire wren.

To produce anything on paper that will convey even a remote impression of the notes of any of the second or informal school of songster is all but impossible. Gilbert White alone has done it, in a much-quoted passage about the 'very sweet, but inward melody' of the blackcap. The magical touch of truth which that passage conveys depends, I think, on the word 'inward.' The blackcap does always seem to be singing to himself. He is not practising, like the nightingale, or performing, like the wren: he is singing to himself, like a poet or a child, and his thoughts, like theirs, are elsewhere while he sings. This must have been the bird of which Milton was thinking when he wrote of Shakespeare, the 'inward' poet, as 'warbling his native wood-notes wild.' More practically, a characteristic of the song which helps to distinguish it from others with which it may sometimes be confused—that for instance, of the whitethroat, or that of the hedge-sparrow with its shriller pipe and different rhythm—is the great pace at which it is sung. A blackcap always sings *prestissimo*. But indeed it rates those other songs too high to suggest that they can ever be taken by any attentive listener for this 'full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe.' It is the very voice of Spring, the theme to which the woodland flowers and the young green leaves of trees are pictorial illustrations. Only to have learned to hear it is worth ten times over the little time which it takes to notice the song of birds. For the sake of those fine words of his about it, one can forgive Gilbert White for the hard thing that he said about the blackcap's poor relation, the whitethroat. He said that its song was 'mean.' So, and with no more truth, might one say that Chaucer was mean in comparison with Shakespeare. In comparison with the song of the blackcap, that honest, copious strain which the whitethroat sings so tirelessly from hedges, plants, trees, fences, and telegraph wires, and even from the air, is harsh and primitive enough; but it is racy of the soil, and one should be grateful if only for the generosity with which it is lavished. The blackcap is a costive poet, that must await an inspiration, but the whitethroat gives himself no such airs and graces. It is his business to sing, and sing he

does, at all times and everywhere. Harsh as his song is, too, there is yet a lovely little lilt at the end of it that bears witness to his cousinhood with the greater artist. We might picture the despised whitethroat and the glorious blackcap as the two singers in that neglected masterpiece 'A Judgment in Heaven.'

'Swayed and parted the globing cluster so, disclosed from their
kindling marge

Roseal-chapleted, splendid vested, the singer there where
God's light lay large.

'Hu, hu! a wonder! a wonder! see, clasping the singer's glories
clings

A dingy creature, even to laughter cloaked and clad in patch-
work things.

'The hallowed harpers were fain to frown on the strange thing
come 'mid their sacred crew,

Only the singer that was earth his fellow-earth and his own
self knew.'

His fellow-earth must have an intimate and charitable affection for the whitethroat and his unassuming lays.

It is extraordinarily fascinating gradually to sort out from the medley of bird-noises all the more characteristic notes: the bugle-call of the blackbird, the repetitions of the thrush, the boring commonplaces of the chaffinch, the dry discourse of the sedge-warbler, and the thin sweet treble of the linnet. After a time the confusion becomes resolved, and where before one heard mere noise, one hears now the chiffchaff twanging the two notes of his zither, the night-jar spinning, the great tit sawing, and the robin winding his clock. After I had sorted all these out, I realised that a great part of the residuum of unidentified sounds was made up of a little song that I was hearing everywhere. The singer had a very noticeable quality of voice, small in volume and low in pitch, but flute-like and mellow: and it was to be heard in almost any place in which there were trees. I asked Egeria about it, and she came with me and listened to it. 'There it is now,' I said, 'you notice in particular how sad it is. It sinks mournfully down through about a tone and a half, and faints and fades away. It has a dying fall, like the sweet south.'

'That is the willow-warbler.'

'The willow-warbler! How can it be? My standard text-

book says that the willow-warbler has a "merry song": and this is the most plaintive sound in the world.'

But a willow-warbler it was: we managed to see it, the slim little olive thing, flitting about on the lower twigs of a white poplar; and I thought to myself, when I noticed how it would peck an insect off a leaf as it fluttered on the wing before it, that in its person I was probably meeting again the humming-bird of my early and sensational observations. But how can the book call its song merry? It might as well call the wild-duck tuneful, or the skylark sad. There is another thing, too, that it says about the bird that does not seem to be true: it says that its underparts are yellowish white. I cannot see the least trace of yellow in them, and altogether I think that the book is not at its best about the willow-warbler.

When, in spite of the book, I had identified the song of the willow-warbler, there still remained for me a residuum of unidentified bird-noises, but a small one. There still remained—and there still remains. What are they, those unknown warblings and flutings, and especially the high, thin cheepings and pipings that often fill the tops of the trees? I do not know, and perhaps I never shall know. They are full of mysteries so baffling that sometimes one has to turn from them in order to encourage oneself by attending to the easily identified outcries of the shouters.

Of the shouters, as distinguished from the singers, I think that the woodpeckers make the most interesting noises. The yaffle cacchinate like a maniac, the spotted woodpeckers snore (I believe they do it by hammering with their bills) and the wryneck whinnies in a nasal tone, rather like an old Frenchwoman laughing. When Egeria taught me this noise, she told me that there was only one other bird that made a noise at all like it, and that was a kestrel, an uncommon bird, and so I could always be quite safe about the wryneck. Soon afterwards I was walking with a companion across a scrubby heath, and after the manner of the newly converted I was handing on to him my new doctrine. I had identified some songs for his benefit with an assumed certainty that was greater than any that I really felt, and I was nervous of detection, when from a hedge of aged thorns near by there sounded that unmistakable whinny. This at least is absolutely certain, I thought, and I undertook to show my companion the wryneck. We stalked the bird, and when we were within a few yards of it, it sailed off

with a last derisive cackle ; and it was a kestrel after all, so obviously and unmistakably a kestrel that I had not the face to brazen it out, and to assert, even to the most inexpert of companions, that it was a wryneck. For a moment I thought of giving it up and taking to botany. But after all we live to learn, and the charm of these lower slopes of Parnassus is in the discoveries and surprises that await one there.

One of the most surprising discoveries that I made at the beginning of my apprenticeship to birdcraft was that birds do not sing all the year round, and that the best of them sing for a few months only in the spring—April, May, and June—and in July the countryside is all but silent again. Now that I know how short the time is, it is annoying to think of all the springs that I wasted before my conversion in the Marlborough lane. As I walk in the country, when spring is over, with nothing to hear but the yellow-hammers yawning, and the greenfinches, with their limited sense of humour, repeating *ad nauseam* their vulgar imitation of incidents of a Channel crossing, and as I reflect on how long it will be before the willow-warblers sing again, I moralise over my sinful days, before I came out of Egypt, and I could almost start a revivalist campaign on the text 'Listen to the voice of the blackcap, before it is too late !'

At any rate, no more opportunities shall be let slip. Next spring I am going to clear up the hedge-sparrow's song for good and all, and I am going to learn to tell between a blackcap and a garden-warbler, if I catch cold in the attempt.

HILTON YOUNG.

HARROW IN THE 'FIFTIES.

BY SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in Howson and Warner's history of Harrow is the late C. S. Roundell's account of 'Harrow in the 'Forties.' Mr. Roundell went to Harrow in 1841 and left in 1846. His school life began under Dr. Wordsworth and ended under Dr. Vaughan, so that he was able to record the conditions of the old era, and the commencement of the changes which, introduced by Dr. Vaughan, brought about a reformation in those conditions and gave the School the character it has since maintained, without much alteration in the principles laid down by that greatest of all Harrow head-masters.

My own school life began under Dr. Vaughan and finished under Dr. Montagu Butler, who so admirably carried on the work of his predecessor, and without whose contributions that work would never have reached its due completion. It has therefore seemed to me that the record of one who entered the School just before the close of Dr. Vaughan's connexion with it, when the organic changes had all been effected and the new system was steadily developing, might not be without interest. Mr. Roundell enjoyed the very unusual distinction of being both Head of the School and Captain of the Cricket Eleven, and this fact alone gives a value to his reminiscences, which cannot be claimed for those of an ordinary boy with no pretensions to distinction either as a scholar or as an athlete. My contemporaries, however, are not now very numerous, and they are annually becoming fewer, so that if some one of us does not set out his recollections of Harrow sixty years ago, there will, before very long, be nobody left to undertake the job.

The School which Dr. Vaughan remodelled has since remained, in character and essentials, the same as he left it in 1859; but there have been probably greater changes in its environment than had taken place in the previous century, perhaps greater than those of the three previous centuries of the School's existence.

During the whole of my school life Harrow was a country village, farther away from London than it now is in these days of tubes and trams. And it was not only practically more distant, as being less easy of access, but literally so. Harrow has not

moved, but London has, and 'the spreading of the hideous town' has not only brought London nearer, but has really enveloped Harrow and made it a London suburb.

The little town was then confined within strictly narrow limits. North and south, speaking roughly, it extended from the 'Grove,' then occupied by Steel, to the 'King's Head' Hotel, or a little beyond. The eastern boundary ran along the Park, behind Oxenham's and the head-master's Houses, to the chapel and Rendall's House. On the other side of the village, the western boundary line ran from the Grove, behind the church (of which, centuries ago, the Grove was the parsonage), round below the racket courts, round the cricket field, and turned south till it struck the London Road near the 'King's Head.' Outside these limits all was field and pasture land, where there are now rows and rows of houses, street after street of shops, and villa residences innumerable. In the village and on its outskirts there were certainly a few residential houses. Most of these were occupied by parents attracted by the opportunity of sending their sons on the 'foundation' as 'home-boarders'—Anthony Trollope was an historical case—but these were never numerous. At one time there had been an attempt on the part of some local inhabitants to force the School to revert to its original object and to make it a purely local institution. I believe some legal action was commenced, but whether it got into the courts I do not know. The foundation was very small, and certainly could not have provided education except for an extremely limited number, for Harrow, unlike Eton and Winchester, had not a royal or a wealthy founder, and its revenues were always inconsiderable. Some sort of compromise had been effected by Dr. Vaughan, who established a separate small school, where the sons of local tradesmen could obtain a good commercial education. This he himself called 'The local Form of Harrow School,' but I never heard of anybody else using this grandiloquent title. Later on, I think Dr. Butler laid down some definite rules, limiting the number of home boarders.

Within the limits of the town itself, its appearance has been considerably altered by the many new School buildings which have been erected by means of funds subscribed by old Harrovians and masters, or provided by the judicious administration of the small School endowment.

In 1858 there were, besides the chapel, only two School buildings, the New Schools having been completed in 1857, a year or so before

my time. These remained unaltered until they were enlarged some ten or twelve years ago. The first addition was the Vaughan Library, the site of which was occupied by a few small shops and some stables. The Library was opened in 1863, and as it happened I was one of the first occupants of one of the three schoolrooms in the basement. I got into the Lower Sixth in September 1863, and it was then that Mr. Harris and his Form moved into their new quarters. Later on came the new Speech Room and the other new School buildings—the science, music and art schools and the museum, all erected in the twenty years from 1874 to 1895. The old School remains as it was left in 1820, when the wing containing the original Speech Room was added, but its environment has been much improved. Then it had for its next-door neighbour a small public-house, the 'Crown and Anchor.' Some years later the lease of the house fell in, or for some other reason it became possible to obtain possession of the premises, and they were converted into a residence for Sam Hoare, the well-known 'Custos.' Still later the house was pulled down, and the ground added to the garden of the master's house, now known as 'Druries.' The high School yard wall was at the same time taken down, the present open railings being substituted.

Naturally the past half-century has seen other changes, some of the old houses and shops have been pulled down or altered, but on the whole the appearance of the High Street is not very different from what it was when I was at School.

I entered the School in September 1858, over sixty years ago, a year before Dr. Vaughan resigned the head-mastership and was succeeded by Dr. Montagu Butler. I was placed in the First Fourth Form, then and for many years under the beneficent rule of John Smith, best loved of all the Harrow masters of his time. He was not a fine scholar, and I take it he was not a particularly good teacher; but he was for small boys an ideal master, for he trained them to be honest, upright gentlemen, and he developed their characters, if he did little to educate their minds. His Form adored him, while they recognised his eccentricities—eccentricities which in after life developed into absolute mental disease, and finally led to his melancholy death in a lunatic asylum. But before the end he had trained many generations of Harrow boys, and had laid the foundations of many useful and honourable careers.

His Form then occupied the southern half of the old Fourth Form room, and we sat on the worn old benches along the east

side. His chair was then in the central gangway, facing the boys. The last time I was at Harrow I noticed that it had been moved, and placed with its back to the window at the end of the room.

After Christmas, 1858, a new Form was added, the Remove (between the First Shell and the Fourth Fifth), and all the boys in the Lower School were moved up. Those at the top of each Form got a double remove, and the rest of us went up one Form. E. E. Bowen came in as a new master and took the Fourth Shell, Smith refusing to take any Form higher than his beloved Upper Fourth. He, however, moved to the other end of the room, a big red curtain being hung up to divide the room into two, while Bowen and the Fourth Shell remained at the end previously occupied by Smith and the Upper Fourth.

Curiously enough Bowen, who afterwards became such an admirable disciplinarian, had not, when he began, any authority over the boys, and it was some time before he got the knack of keeping his unruly horde of young vagabonds in order. I remember that sometimes when we were unusually demonstrative, John would put his head out through the opening of the curtains and shake it or his finger at us, with the immediate effect of producing absolute and instant silence. Of course Bowen very soon learnt his business, and acquired an influence over his pupils equal, though of a very different character, to that of John Smith himself. Bowen's influence—and it was eventually very effective—was exercised in the decade succeeding the one of which I am writing, so it hardly comes under our consideration, though before I left the School he had already become a power in it. To few, if to any, of its old masters does Harrow owe more than to Edward Bowen.

When I first went to Harrow there were two divisions of the Sixth, four of the Fifth, four Shells,¹ and three Fourth Forms.

¹ Probably few of the many thousand public school boys who have passed through the 'Shell' ever knew, or cared to inquire, the origin of the name. The omniscient Murray, in his great dictionary, throws some light upon it. It appears the title was derived from 'the apsidal end of the schoolroom at Westminster, so called from its conch-like shape.' (The language is not unworthy of an older lexicographer.) The Westminster 'Shell' was intermediate between the Sixth and Fifth Forms, and the name got to be applied in other schools to intermediate Forms, generally, as at Harrow, between the Fifth and Fourth. It may be added, on the same high authority, that the name 'Form' has nothing to do with the benches on which the boys sit, but is merely 'one of the numbered classes into which the pupils of a school are divided according to their degree of proficiency.'

The Remove, as I said above, was interposed between the Shells and the Fifth in 1859. So far as I can remember all the divisions of the Fifth, with the Remove (when it was instituted) and Upper Shell, were located in the New Schools; the Sixth, the Lower Shells, and the First and Second Fourth were in the Old School building, while the Lowest Fourth and the Third (when there was one, for it had an intermittent existence dependent on there being any boys of sufficient mental incapacity to necessitate the provision of something even lower than the Lowest Fourth) inhabited a room in the town somewhere behind Oxenham's House.

Since the 'fifties, the arrangement of the Forms has undergone various changes. The 'Modern School' has come and gone. It was never popular, though it had Edward Bowen for its headmaster, and now it has been abolished. Under the present system there are three instead of four Shells, two Removes instead of one, and two Fifths instead of four, but each of the Removes and Fifths has been duplicated, and a boy goes into one or other only of the two divisions. Thus the stream of knowledge has been canalised into two parallel streams, flowing side by side, to shorten the struggling course of the aspirant towards the upper fountains. By this arrangement provision has been made for the increase of numbers in the School, and also for a slight reduction of the number in each Form. This is now about twenty-five. It was thirty, or a little more, sixty years ago. The modern subjects and Greek are now taught in divisions, which do not correspond with the Forms. Sixty years ago, of course, Greek was taught to everybody and science to nobody.

On his retirement at Christmas 1859, Dr. Vaughan left behind him a strong and capable staff. Three of the classical masters were senior to himself—William Oxenham, G. F. Harris, and T. H. Steel.

Oxenham had for many years held the post of second master. He was an old gentleman of quick temper, but, I believe, a delightful character and a fine scholar. I think he was already practically superseded from most of the School work, except that of Calling Bill. He did this until the occasions on which he officiated became such wild Saturnalia that it was thought wiser to relieve him of the duty. When it came to turning a couple of barn-door fowls and a big dog loose in the Fourth Form room, to say nothing of the production of innumerable penny whistles and other instruments of noise, it was obviously time for a change.

When Oxenham retired, Harris succeeded him as second master, and he was the last to serve in that capacity, for the office was abolished when he gave it up. For many years, in my time and until his retirement in 1868, he took the Lower Sixth. He was a strict disciplinarian in Form and House, rather hard, but invariably just; the boys in his own House, which was looked upon as one of the best, liked him perhaps better than those in his Form. 'Tommy' Steel was Harris's senior, having been appointed in 1836, while Harris dated from 1837, but there was an interval of five or six years in his career (1843 to 1849), as in Dr. Wordsworth's time he gave up schoolmastering for parish work, only to return to his old duties when the School began to improve under Dr. Vaughan. He was not only a fine classical scholar but a good mathematician (Second Classic and 29th Wrangler, a very rare distinction), and at one time he acted as a mathematical master. He carried on his work to a somewhat advanced age, as he was about seventy-five when he retired. He must have been fifty-four when I was in his Form, and at that time he certainly enjoyed the affectionate regard of his pupils. A man of gentle, kindly nature, with a good deal of quiet humour, and a little eccentric, he yet exercised full authority over the boys, though he had the reputation of being somewhat easy-going in his House. He had the Lower Fifth when I was in that Form, and took one or other of the divisions of the Fifth until his retirement. His House, the 'Grove,' had a good reputation in my time; it always did very well both in cricket and football, and many of the boys there have since made their mark in the world. It possessed, or assumed, a curious privilege. The entrance to the boys' part of the House was from a long, narrow footway running straight down the hill from the churchyard to the lower road, between two high walls. It was termed the 'Fosse,' and no boy from any other House (of rank below the Sixth) was on any condition permitted to set his foot on it, under the pain of being pelted by the 'Steelites.' The configuration of the ground greatly aided this form of defence, and no outsider ever dared to venture to intrude on a region so readily swept by missiles.

'Ben' Drury (I take it that the use of the Christian name indicated a kindly feeling on the part of the boys, as probably it did in the cases of 'Billy' Oxenham and 'Tommy' Steel) was distinctly popular. He was a genial person, popular alike with boys and masters. An old Harrovian, the son of a master

and the grandson of a head-master, he seemed in himself an embodiment of the School traditions. The boys in his House were invariably known as 'Benites,' just as those in Oxenham's were called 'Billyites,' and the fact that he possessed a surname was entirely ignored. He left Harrow to become Tutor of his old college, Caius, just before the end of my own school life, and I must have been in his Form, the Upper Fifth, during his last year. So when I went to Cambridge as an undergraduate in 1864, I often found a pleasant welcome in his rooms at Caius.

The first masters appointed under Dr. Vaughan were F. Rendall (1848) and his brother, Edwin Vaughan (1849). In my time they took the second and third divisions of the Fifth Form. Rendall—the fact was universally known, even to himself—was always denominated 'Monkey,' and those in his House were 'Monkeyites,' though they did not relish the appellation. The title was occasionally provocative of awkward situations in the case of new boys, who employed the pseudonym as if it were a patronymic, but it did no other harm, and I do not believe it ever caused even momentary annoyance to its owner. Like others of his contemporaries at Harrow, Rendall was a fine scholar—he was Senior in the Classical Tripos of his year—but I doubt if he had very special merits as a teacher. His House had a fair, but not a very great reputation. John Smith looked after his pupil-room for him and, with all his merits, Smith was not a good master for elder boys.

Edwin Vaughan was neither as strong a character nor as capable a scholar as his brother, but he had a good influence over the boys in his House, and at the time of which I am writing it was looked upon as the best in the School. This may have been partly due to the influence of his brother, but its reputation was kept up after Dr. Vaughan's time, and I believe it was really owing to the high personal character of Edwin Vaughan himself. A considerable proportion of his boys have since made their mark in after life. I do not think he enjoyed robust health, and he died comparatively young.

B. F. Westcott, the great theological scholar, whose appointment dated from 1852, used to assist the head-master with the Upper Sixth. He succeeded to Oxenham's House, afterwards named 'Moreton's' by H. E. Hutton, when it was thought necessary that all the masters' Houses should have their own names. I never reached the Upper Sixth, and so did not come much in

contact with him. He was certainly better suited for a bishop than for a schoolmaster, and it was as an ecclesiastic that he gained his great and well-deserved reputation.

We now come to the junior masters. E. H. Bradby, Cecil Holmes, Arthur Watson, and F. W. Farrar took the four Shells. When the Remove was formed Bradby was moved up to it. He was a good teacher, and afterwards had a distinguished career as head-master of Haileybury. He had a small House, afterwards enlarged to a big one.

Arthur Watson, for some unknown reason, was known as 'Vanity' Watson. There was certainly no conceit about him, though he may have been a bit supercilious in his manner. I missed seeing anything of him, because he was ill during the term I was in his Form, and his place was taken by a substitute.

Cecil Holmes afterwards got the name of 'Skipper,' but I cannot recollect him by that name. I fancy he was not very well suited for a schoolmaster. He never seemed to get on good terms with the boys, whom he ruled—and he did rule them—by fear rather than by love. I do not think he liked them, and they certainly did not like him. He was rather hard, and the boys thought him unfeeling and somewhat cruel. However, he was very good to me. After his wont, he had set me a lot of impositions—probably for trifling delinquencies—and after the manner of boys I had got reckless and was looking forward to compounding the whole lot for a 'swishing,' when to my extreme astonishment he offered to wipe them all off the slate if I would promise not to incur any more. I gave the promise and kept it, and have ever since cherished a kindly recollection of him. Holmes took over 'Druries' when Drury left.

Farrar had only been a master for two or three years when I entered the School. He began with the fourth Shell, but took the third Shell when I was in that Form. He was certainly one of the best known among the Harrow masters of the time. He achieved a considerable reputation as head-master of Marlborough, became well known to the public by his writings, and ended a distinguished career as Dean of Canterbury. No small credit is due to him for the efforts he made, during the latter part of his time at Harrow, to encourage the boys to study science, or at all events natural history. He gave a prize for the best collection of local wild plants, and though the response was small—I think only three collections were sent in—it was at all events a beginning.

I believe it was owing to him also that the School Museum was started.

Of the other junior masters I have already referred to E. E. Bowen and John Smith, so there only remain W. J. Bull, who took the second Fourth, and of whom personally I knew very little, and my old friend and tutor, H. E. Hutton.

The latter was himself an old Harrovian, and had played in the eleven against Eton in 1846 and 1847. In those early days he was the only master who played cricket with the boys. He used to bowl what a supercilious member of the eleven called swift rubbish, but he would trundle the boys out with it despite the derisive epithet. He and I were always the best of friends, and our friendship continued down to the last years of his life. He had no great pretensions to scholarship, but he was a good teacher for young boys, and had the happy knack of gaining the affectionate regard of his pupils. After I left he got a big House, previously occupied by Westcott and by Oxenham, which he called 'Moreton's,' after some relative of his own.

Until the latter part of the decade with which we are concerned, there was practically no instruction in anything but the classical languages. Mathematics was at a deplorably low level; in fact, it may be said there was nothing deserving the name, nothing, indeed, beyond arithmetic, Euclid, and elementary algebra.

For a long time the only mathematical master was J. F. Marillier, better known as 'Teek' or 'Tique,' from his pronunciation of the last syllable of arithmetic. He had a long spell of service, fifty years, from 1819 to 1869. He taught the small boys arithmetic of a sort, but he did not teach them much. The boys did what they liked with him, but they were all fond of him, for he was a kindly soul. 'For fifty years,' he would say, 'I have been master in this School, and never have I known such a naughty little boy as you.' The remark lost force by constant repetition, and it was generally addressed to offenders of the mildest type.

In 1845 R. Middlemist was appointed, the same year as Dr. Vaughan. He was presumably a competent mathematician, as he was a low Wrangler, but his pupils did not profit much by his teaching. He was of a cynical and somewhat acrid personality. After his death there came out an unhappy scandal of a secret marriage, and there can be no doubt the man's whole life was soured by the false conditions under which he lived. At any

rate he was naturally unpopular, and the most charitable critic could not say that he was suited for a schoolmaster.

Just about the time of my entry the mathematical staff was greatly strengthened by the addition of H. Watson (1857) and R. B. Hayward (1859), both mathematical scholars of the highest rank, and both admirable teachers for boys who cared to learn. They certainly raised the level of Harrow mathematics, but with all their efforts they could not raise it very high. When I left there were only three or four of us in the Sixth who had got as far as trigonometry, geometrical conics, and elementary dynamics.

The teaching of foreign tongues was in the hands of two fully competent scholars, Ruault and Masson. The former was much the better teacher, but the latter was a finer scholar. Unluckily he was no disciplinarian, and his classroom was a place of amusement rather than instruction. Naturally, the boys learnt little from him, except those few who had previously, from nurses or governesses, acquired a colloquial knowledge of French. For all other boys it was a rigorous convention that French was to be pronounced exactly like English, and no boy was permitted to make any attempt to pronounce it otherwise. Masson made an occasional protest against this barbarous mutilation of his beautiful native language, but this was always disregarded, and he accepted it with a tacit acquiescence, and must at last have understood and appreciated what to any other Frenchman would have been simply an unintelligible jargon. It was a pity that better use should not have been made of his undoubted talents, for he was an authority on his own language, and an author of reputation in English also. He was one of the few Harrow masters of his time who have been judged worthy of admission to the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' He was a man of good general knowledge. Once he made a kindly effort to teach some of us chemistry, with the usual results of the experiments of amateur chemists—stink, smoke, burnt carpets, and stained fingers.

Science, of course, was not recognised as a subject of public school education in the 'fifties. There was a voluntary examination once a term in some popular text-book of science, and 'copies' were given for success in it. Amongst the books I remember Page's 'Geology,' 'Bell on the Hand,' Carpenter's 'Animal Physiology,' one of 'Lardner's Handbooks,' and Johnston's 'Chemistry of Common Life.' This was certainly useful, and

encouraged boys who had a taste that way to pick up a smattering of information, by which some, to my knowledge, were attracted to a rather more serious study of science.

Geography was by way of being taught, but there were only occasional lessons, generally slurred over. Every week we had to produce a map, which those boys who could draw produced nicely, and those boys who couldn't, or couldn't get somebody else to act as 'ghost,' did—as best they could.

There was an excellent drawing master, Mr. Wood, from whom those boys whose parents cared to pay for them, could get lessons. I do not think even this much provision was made for music until the enthusiastic John Farmer arrived in 1862 and taught my successors to sing the School songs of Bowen and himself, which all Harrow boys of later generations know by heart, and many regard as contemporary with John Lyon.

If sport and athletics had not sixty years ago the same hold on the public that they afterwards obtained, their influence on the boys in public schools was, I believe, just as strong as in later years. It is true they were not so elaborately organised, nor did their influence extend beyond the boys to the parents and the masters. Young masters were not appointed because they were old 'blues,' nor were they expected to coach the boys in cricket as well as in classics. As I said above, the only master in my early days who played cricket was Hutton, and he as a boy had played for the School against Eton. The fact that Montagu Butler had done the same was accepted by the boys at its full value when he was first appointed.

Harrow cricket was then under the strict but beneficent rule of 'Ponsonby and Grimston,' those two eminent old Harrovian sportsmen, who devoted themselves heart and soul to the welfare of their old School. They seemed to be there every Saturday, and most other half-holidays during the summer term. They coached, advised, and trained the elder boys; they watched the younger boys to detect promising talent. They were the ultimate court of appeal in all matters relating to sport, yet with the wisest judgment and most consummate tact they always insisted on the independence of the captains of the eleven, never interfering, but always ready when wanted. Their influence over the whole School was wholly for its good, and they wielded an authority about equivalent to that of the head-master, of the Head of the School, and of the Captain of the Eleven, all rolled into one—or

rather into two. According to Mr. Roundell, it was when he was Captain of the Eleven (1845 and 1846) that they started their supervision of Harrow cricket, and it was, as everybody admits, due to their ungrudging devotion that it reached, early in the 'fifties, the position it maintained for many years. Much has been written about Harrow cricket by Percy Thornton and others, and there is little fresh to be said about it. There have been arguments whether it ever reached a higher degree of perfection than it attained in the 'fifties and 'sixties, but no conclusion has been—or ever can be—attained. Considering, however, the condition of the grounds in the olden days, and the almost total lack of systematic coaching, there is a good deal to be said on behalf *temporis acti*.

The decade of the 'fifties was not only the time of Ponsonby and Grimston, it was the era of the Walkers. The first of them, A. H. Walker, played in the eleven from 1850 to 1852; the greatest, V. E., in 1853 and 1854; R. D. followed in 1859 and 1860; while the youngest, J. D., played from 1860 to 1863. Then we had in the earlier years of the decade Kenelm Digby, a fine hitter; W. Marillier, a son of the well-known old master, and according to Mr. Thornton, a magnificent field; Reginald Hankey, the finest gentleman batsman of his day; C. D. Crawley, who made 100 against the Town (a feat repeated a generation later by his son, H. Crawley); W. C. Clayton and H. Arkwright, a fine slow bowler. These were all before my own time. A little later, and within my memory, came R. Lang, the fast bowler; G. Hodgson and H. M. Plowden, who bowled slows; R. D. H. Elphinstone, A. W. Daniel, E. W. Humphrey, W. F. Maitland, and Charles Buller, with others not unworthy of record.

The Eton and Harrow match had been re-started in 1857 after a break, just before I entered the School. I remember the 1858 match, when the appearance of Lords was very different from the gay scene of later years. There was certainly never anything like a full ring of spectators. There was a ring more or less complete, of benches, but most of them were empty. There was plenty of applause, but none of that organised counter-shouting at every ball that was bowled, or hit, or missed, which later became such a feature—silly enough—of the match. During my time at Harrow the popularity of the match rapidly increased, and when I left in 1864 the aspect of the ground had got to be much what it attained in later years, though the crowd was never then

so great as it eventually became, and the match was not the social function into which it finally degenerated.

Cricket at the School was certainly not so completely organised in the 'fifties as it now is. The Sixth Form game was properly looked after, as it was the nursery for the Eleven. It consisted of the best thirty or so players in the School, and played serious cricket. The Fifth Form game was the training-school for the Sixth. To the best of my recollection it was played in the Philathletic field, or sometimes in a corner of the cricket ground. There certainly were Shell and Fourth Form games, but of them I can recall little definite; I fancy their very existence may have been uncertain and indeterminate. There were also House games which crowded up the Philathlet, in the same fashion as college matches crowded up Parker's Piece when I first went to Cambridge. Whether any given individual was fielding point for one team, long-leg for another, or mid-on for a third, was always to a mere spectator just a little uncertain.

The benevolent institution of Cricket Bill is quite a modern invention. For long after the date of which I am writing all boys except, I think, those engaged in School matches, were obliged to toil up the hill to answer to their names in the Fourth Form room.

Practice went on every evening on the cricket ground, as I suppose it does now. There were no nets, and consequently nobody was expected to hit to leg except the man at the extreme left of the row. In my earlier days I remember this particular wicket was often occupied by Humphrey, a fine square leg hitter, who I suppose was allowed the opportunity of cultivating his particular speciality.

The absence of nets naturally increased the labours of the cricket-fags, and longstopping for an hour behind a wicket at which two or perhaps three fast bowlers were pegging away was no idler's job, though it was shared among two or three longstops. But it turned out some fine fields—I wonder how boys learn fielding now? The practice wickets were pitched along the north side of the ground; there was behind the row of wickets a low open fence, which sometimes stopped balls missed by the fags and sometimes didn't.

Harrow football, properly played, was, and is, one of the finest forms of the game, but as it was played in the 'fifties it was, at all events for the small boys, a thoroughly dreary performance,

and we most of us hated it. There were always on half-holidays two games, big and little—I forget their technical names. Attendance at the lower game was compulsory on all below the Fifth. After Bill two monitors stood outside the Fourth Form room door, at the top of the School steps, and asked each boy if he had 'been down'; if he hadn't, and had not been 'let off' by a monitor, he got 'whopped.' I believe the first offence was condoned, and I fancy the penalty was not too frequently incurred, though it was certainly inflicted when considered necessary. The game itself was about as uninteresting as it could be made. For the bulk of the players it consisted merely in trotting to and fro over the ground, in a mob of some seventy or eighty boys, keeping more or less in the neighbourhood of the ball. If the mob lost its compactness and there were stragglers, these stragglers were forthwith sent off to keep base at the upper (was it called Sixth Form?) game, where the poor little wretches shivered in the cold, expiating their slackness, till they were relieved by the arrival of a fresh batch of slackers. Nobody below the Fifth was allowed to wear a coat, going down to the field or coming back; a flannel shirt (of the House colours) and a pair of white duck or corduroy trousers formed the ordinary garb—little enough in cold wet weather.

Outside the fringe of the mob hovered the 'club-keepers,' encouraging the performers by continual shouts of 'Follow-up'—whence the chorus of Bowen's glorious 'Forty-years-on.' On the whole it was but a dreary performance, though after we outgrew the compulsory stages, and got fleeter of foot and stronger of shoulder, we went readily enough, and enjoyed ourselves.

The House games which I think went on on whole School days were much better. The numbers were smaller, and the boys had the chance of playing the game, not merely of running about and joining in an occasional 'squash.' House matches were started before my time. I can recollect no time when there was not a cock-house both at cricket and at football. From what Mr. Roundell says in his recollections, I should think they began in the early 'fifties, or perhaps a year or two earlier.

Yard cricket, played with an under-sized bat, and a large, hard tennis-ball, was very popular in the School yard, and in all Houses with a yard big enough for the purpose. In the School yard it was always going on, whenever there were any boys out of School to play it. There was only one batsman, but there was no limit

to the number of bowlers, and practically no interval between the arrival of one ball and the delivery of the next. The batsman had to stand up to a sort of machine-gun delivery. When he was bowled or caught, the bowler or catcher took his place. There was only one other way of getting out, hitting out of the ground; but despite this limitation of the perils of batmanship, innings were short. When the field consisted of a solid mass of boys waiting for Bill, any hit, however hard, was apt to stick in the hands or person of one of them, while stone-walling was impracticable with a crowd of boys acting as point just beyond the reach of the swing of the bat, or within it.

'Stumps' was another popular form of debased cricket, played at any moment in any available corner of the cricket ground or Philathlet. Each wicket was a single stump, while two more served as bats. A tennis-ball was used, and there was a good deal of fine free hitting, so the scores were big if the innings were usually short. The pitch was certainly under ten yards, I think more like eight, but a yard or two made no difference. The bowling was subject to certain limitations as regards both speed and character. Whether this exalted form of the game still survives, I really do not know; it was certainly extremely popular among the small boys of my own time.

It was in the 'fifties that Harrow developed the pre-eminence in rackets she for long maintained. Rackets is said to have been known at Harrow as far back as 1822. It was then played in the School yard, just as in the open courts or yards of the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and elsewhere. Roundell gives a full description of it, the best 'pitch' being in the corner formed by the School building and the high wall of the vicarage garden, at that time the garden of Mrs. Leith's boarding-house. The two big open courts were built in 1850, by means of a subscription started by Mr. Sotheron-Estecourt; but they seem soon to have got into bad condition, for Sir William Hart Dyke (who left in 1855) says they were bad in his time. They certainly turned out a long series of fine players.

Of these Sir William was himself the first. He was the finest amateur of his time, and undoubtedly one of the very finest players of any time. Whether he was the earliest on the long list of Harrow boys who represented one or other of the Universities at the game I do not know, but he cannot have had many predecessors. He was followed by Ainslie (1854-59), who played for Cambridge, Dyke

having played for Oxford. Daniel, Plowden, and Rudd were all, a little later, Cambridge players, while R. D. Walker and W. F. Maitland represented Oxford. All of these belong to our decade, and there have been many others since. Julian Marshall (1851-54) and V. E. Walker (1850-54) were other great players of the early 'fifties.

The two courts, known as Sixth and Fifth Form courts, were, as far back as their history can be traced, both open and both bad. They were, I suppose, the same length as other courts, but they were a great deal wider. The pavement was worn and uneven, and naturally most untrue, producing various unexpected results. But perhaps it was their difficulties which made them such admirable training-grounds.

As the courts were open, fags were required, and a vile job racket-fagging was. You stood with your back against the back wall of the court, principally occupied in dodging the players until somebody hit a ball out, when you had to scuttle out and search in the field outside or in the long grass of the 'milling ground,' generally without success, as a large proportion of the balls went into the adjacent vicarage garden.

Fives was unknown, but squash rackets was played in the School yard and in the yards of the masters' Houses, all day and every day. As the name indicates, it was played with a soft collapsible ball, which was perforated with a small hole. The harder ball now used makes the game much faster, and perhaps a better introduction to genuine rackets. The old game had many varieties, according to the place where it was played, the number of doors, windows, buttresses, rain-water pipes, and other obstructions in the wall, or side wall when there was one. There was only one good 'pitch' in the School yard, at the north-west corner of the building, where Roundell tells us rackets (not squash) was played in his time. The 'obstacles' here included the projecting big buttress of a chimney-stack, two doors and two windows, so there was abundant variety and plenteous opportunity for skill of hand and quickness of eye.

Exactly when squash rackets was invented, it does not seem easy to discover. A ball game with solid rubber balls is said to have been played in ancient Mexico, but the hollow squash ball is a very modern invention. The process of 'vulcanising' rubber was patented in England in 1843, and was rapidly developed by Hancock, the inventor. A cursory examination of the Patent

Office records has lighted on a reference to hollow rubber balls in a patent of 1853. Before the introduction of the hollow perforated vulcanised ball, the game could not have been possible. Sir William Hart Dyke remembers it as established at Harrow when he went there in 1851. Probably we may take it that it was first played at Harrow in the late 'forties.

Athletics were in a very undeveloped stage during the whole of the 'fifties, and it was not until the following decade that much attention was paid to them. They were, I fancy, only beginning when I first went to Harrow, and during my stay there they were somewhat developed. The School races were in existence before my time—what they included I cannot remember. I recollect a hurdle race in which Daniel, the well-known cricketer (captain of the eleven in 1860), broke his leg. It was the first I saw, probably in 1858, before I was actually in the School. There were, I suppose then, and certainly later, four flights of hurdles in a course of 100 yards or more. The race was run in heats, and the winner had to win two heats. You were not allowed to touch the hurdle. If you did, you had to go back and jump it again. Then you had to pass a distance post, and if you succeeded you were eligible for the second heat. I am quite clear about this, for I won a hurdle race myself under these conditions.

The broad jump was over two hurdles laid on the ground, and drawn farther and farther apart to increase the length of the jump, a distinctly dangerous arrangement. Charley Buller, while I was at Harrow, made what was then a record of 21 feet, at least that was the measurement at the time.

I think the School mile was instituted about 1858. It was run on the Pinner Road, from a point just beyond the turnpike that then stood at the corner of the Roxeth and Pinner Roads, at the bottom of the hill. The road was level and moderately straight, having one or two curves in it, but no sharp turns. The state of the road naturally depended on the weather, and on the fact whether it had recently been mended. The timing was very uncertain, being estimated by the comparison of two watches, one at the start and the other at the winning-post. J. D. Burnett, Head of the School in 1858, was a fine long-distance runner in my time, but all our University athletes—Long, Kennedy, and Johnny Morgan—were of a little later date.

P. M. Thornton (always called by everybody 'Friday'—why, no man knoweth) was the great athlete of my earliest recollections.

He was a little older than myself, and left Harrow a few years before I did. I found him afterwards at Cambridge, where he had taken the principal part in starting the Inter-University sports, first held in 1864. Everybody who knew 'Friday' loved him, and he seemed to keep up all his School and College friendships till the last years of his life.

I have some remembrance of an attempt to revive paper-chases, which had been popular at an earlier date, but to the best of my belief it came to very little.

When the Volunteer movement began in 1859, cadet corps were started at some of the public schools, Harrow among them. A large number of the boys joined and got the regulation grey uniform with blue facings, including, as I remember, a black leather stock. We were drilled in the School yard and in the cloisters, and did a little route-marching. The musketry instruction comprised the loading of the muzzle-loading carbine, biting off the end of the cartridge, ramming down the bullet and putting on the cap. Those who were sufficiently proficient were allowed to fire blank cartridges, a privilege greatly appreciated. Circumstances, however, soon led to the discontinuance of the practice. Some sarcastic spirits among the town-boys used to delight in standing in front of a firing squad, expressing by word and gesture ridicule of the proceedings. This was obviously not to be tolerated, so some ingenious soul provided himself, like the hero of Thackeray's ballad, with 'a few split peas.' These were served out to trusted friends, who added them to the innocuous cartridge. At short range the ammunition was effective, and the foe was thrown into disorder. Success was decisive, but short-lived. The device was too obvious to escape detection and retribution followed, including the prohibition of cartridge firing, even when really 'blank.'

After a few months the enthusiasm died out, and the corps was restricted to those who went in seriously for shooting, and whose efforts at Wimbledon brought the Ashburton shield so frequently to Harrow in the 'sixties.

And has the life which is being led by our grandsons at Harrow now, changed very much from the life we led? In essentials I do not believe it has. There have been alterations innumerable in details, fashions have changed in schoolboy life as elsewhere, and there is an abundance of silly conventions of which we old fogies knew nothing, but which have merely taken the place of

others equally silly, but in their time equally important. Life was probably a bit rougher for us, and not quite so luxurious, but the changes in this respect may, I fancy, be dated a little further back, perhaps ten or twenty years, before the reforms of Arnold and Vaughan. Traditions of it were not extinct in the 'fifties, but they were fast dying out.

As to the future, prophecy is unprofitable. Civilisation itself is in the melting-pot, and we cannot foresee the changes which may result to any of our institutions. All we can say is that civilisation has been through many melting-pots, but the metal when poured has generally come out the same. To the sentient molecules the process is disagreeable, but the metal of humanity undergoes but little change. Steel is still steel whether made with goatskin bellows in a charcoal fire or in a Bessemer converter. One method may provide material better suited for a sword-blade or a razor, the other for railway rails or girders, but it is steel all the same. So with human institutions. They may be destroyed, melted, and re-cast, but they seem to come out at the end of the process identical in character and intent, if varied somewhat in shape. The divine Demiurgus, Clerk Maxwell's sorting-demon, or the unbending *Ἀνάγκη* sees to that.

So we may hope that our great schools will survive not only the results of war, but the insidious machinations of educational reformers. They have grown up by a process of natural selection and development; they have not been constructed in accordance with the theoretical speculations of Laputian professors, and there is something to be said for the natural process. Even the wisest of us is very, very ignorant. We are no more able to realise the actual results of our laborious scheming than the bee is able to realise that the most important outcome of her labours is not that her honey-cell is filled, but that the orchid from which she stole the honey is fertilised. Hence the moral—let us go on working away at our devices, but don't let us be too confident as to what will come out at the end of our labours. The great educational reformer with his completely organised system, finished in every detail after the latest German model, may conceivably do less for the training of posterity than the Elizabethan yeoman who endowed his grammar-school at Harrow-on-the-Hill in the pious hope, long since fulfilled, that it would carry out the main object of his own life's work '*DONORUM DEI DISPENSATIO FIDELIS.*'

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SPIKENARD.

BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

*Dramatis Personae.*JUDAS, THE ISCARIOT.
THE WANDERING JEW.THE IMPENITENT THIEF.
MARY MAGDALENE.

The scene is laid in Assyria, the mighty Empire come to final dust. Mounds cover the remains of old, magnificent palaces. The sand is heaped on what once were beautiful parks and gardens, glowing with lakes and rich with birds and beasts, grasses, trees, and flowers. It has become a region of absolute desolation. Time, human cruelty, and neglect—the pride of kings, the rapacity of warriors—have produced this abandonment to hopelessness, and dust, and doom.

It is night. Stars are brilliant in the sky. Orion dominates, with Sirius a burning jewel above the clear line of the horizon. The sepulchral mounds of sand can be seen in silhouette vast against the purple darkness.

Enter a bended figure of ancient weariness, dragging his footsteps, advancing very slowly. He supports his tottering weakness with a staff. In the dim light the pallor of his aged face and the whiteness of his long beard can be discerned. He stands with his weight resting on the staff, and bows his head—an image of defeat.

HE SPEAKS. Twice ten thousand moons have waxed and waned since I was doomed to this inexorable pilgrimage; not once since the dark curse was fastened upon me have I known rest, or ease, or peace; not even in the sight of others, whose very blessedness of repose has added weight to my burden of grief and crushing weariness. The sight of children sleeping in their mothers' arms, or of happy youth resting in the shade of some green oasis, has been a pricking fire to my ever-driven body, urging me—urging me on this worse than dismal journey, drifting down the high-roads of the world! Slow as are the movements of my aching feet, yet they outpace Death with his speed of light and his power of wings. . . . I cannot die; I cannot rest; I cannot sleep; for on, on, unceasingly on and on, my parched, strained energies must move. The wide world is my prison, ribbed with bars

invisible, behind which I must march from no goal to no goal ; but ever and always on, on, on ; while the moons, changeable yet unchanging, come and go ; and the lighted stars revolve on their eternal round in lofty indifference, mocking the transience of the life of man and my solitary, poor inability to die. . . . But who is here ? Such aspect of fierce defiance I have not seen through centuries of wandering. This man, also, has suffered much and hated much. [*He calls in a louder voice*] Greeting, stranger !

The newcomer also is weary, although he walks with a swing of conscious pride, even, an enemy might say, with an air of truculence ; but it is the last defiance of a broken spirit. When he stops and stands in answer to the greeting, his strength seems abruptly to go. He wavers, trembles, promises to swoon ; but pride keeps him from such base concession.

JUDAS. I return your greeting, stranger ! What is your name ? and why are you lost in this wilderness of desolation, of silence, dust, and stars ?

AHASUERUS. I am Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew.

JUDAS. And I the Iscariot.

AHASUERUS. I remember you, Judas, the chosen companion of the Galilean, whose cross I refused to bear. Why should I carry his cross ? I was a simple peasant going about my business, tilling the fields, helping good things to grow ; yet for that I have been doomed to wander without resting, enduring weariness, suffering a thousand times worse than the most pitiless of wanton tyrants has been called to suffer for all his blood-barbarities and infamies. There is no justice under the cruel stars. The only justice is death : and death is forbidden me. . . . I hate God !

JUDAS. I hate God, too, Ahasuerus ! My cause for hatred of that merciless monster, with his insatiable greed for psalms, is greater than yours ; for while you must wander about this comfortable earth and can enjoy the warm sun, the sweet rains, the scent of the grasses——

AHASUERUS. The scorching, tyrannous sun, the drenching, evil rains, the stark cold and bitter ice and snow, the bare, waterless wilderness, the parched deserts of rocks and sand with their heat of many fires, the thunder-storms——

JUDAS. And still, Ahasuerus, your lot is happier than mine ! Forever I am swept by furious winds between the planets and from star to star ; yet never can set foot on this or on any world

except upon Easter Day. The dawn of that day has nearly come. Like a bird homing I found myself turned again to this familiar Earth, after a year that has seemed a century of restless more-than-misery, of ceaseless tumult of flight, swept here, swept there, over old spatial courses; now fringing red Mars with his clouds and waters, then Saturn with his rings, or mighty Jupiter, that orb of shining vapour, or Mercury, or far-distant Neptune, or warm-veined Venus, with never an instant of solidity under my feet. Since what men call the Betrayal, I have been adrift, whirling, madly tost, the sport of the wild winds that rise wanton and portentous out of the abyss of the infinite. But see! [*The light of the rising moon shines upon their faces*] How beautiful is the rising moon, silvering with her light this region of ancient silence. It is the peace of death—the dead moon shines on a buried, forgotten life. Along this way ride the ghosts of old heroes, adventuring the shadowy re-conquest of their lost dominions—Assurbanipal with his chariots, the bearded king in the might of his majesty; Pharaoh with clouds of his Egyptians, hurriedly marching to the shock and havoc of battle; Alexander galloping across these plains, leading his glistening cohorts to the Ganges; the swarthy Xerxes with his gorgeousness and the pride of gold and scarlet, that so soon were to be tumbled to the dust, as here—the dust of history! The warriors rise and march, they win their conquests, crush their enemies, write their glory in the stones that dwindle and drift to sand; and then—discover that always the final conqueror is Death! O happy Death! Bringer of lasting peace, of restful sleep, of comfortable forgetfulness! Death! Sweet Death! and only to forget!

AHASUERUS. To forget! To lose a tortured identity in annihilation! . . . Judas, another approaches through the enchanted darkness. He suffers also; but not with our weariness, not with our despair.

JUDAS. He limps. He has been crippled. It is as if his legs had been broken. [*Calls*] Stranger and, therefore, friend, come here!

Enter GESMAS, the Impenitent Thief. In the moonlight he can be seen, a forbidding personality, rough, crude, determinate, frank. He moves with a crutch.

GESMAS. Curses on life, say I! What are you doing here? There's not a purse to be taken in this emptiness.

JUDAS. Purses and dross ! As well fill our pouches with sand.

GESMAS. Aye, gold and sand, they are cousins. Gold lords it for a while. Sand's the democracy ; and in the end kings, lords, and the people they call common—jewels, gold, and sand—lie fallen to an equal dust. I've turned philosopher since my legs were broken.

JUDAS. I said that your legs had been broken.

GESMAS. Broken they were. I was crucified on the left-hand cross of three. The central one of us—malefactors, as they say—called himself the Son of God. Ha !

AHASUERUS. You are Gesmas, the Impenitent Thief ; and still impenitent.

GESMAS. Aye, so they have called me—Impenitent ! I shall never forget the day I died, so long as I live. He was a brave man was that fellow Christ ; but he saw visions and I've no stomach for dreams. Dismas, my comrade—many a purse had we shared and many a throat had cut in company among those rocky hills of Palestine—Dismas, he grew soft when he felt the death on his brow ; but—not I ! I had fought hard and lived hard ; and I would die hard. So when the Galilean talked of his visions I denied him. Why should I turn, then, in the face of the enemy ? No, I died as I lived, fighting. I was a rebel always, and will be a rebel always—against the God who still thrusts down his punishment upon me. I will deny him and defy him till the end—aye, and after the end. My very dust shall fly in his face. I hate tyrants. A rebel to the black end, I !

AHASUERUS. We all have been harshly treated. All ! There's no justice in the universe. Men who live selfishly, they die in sanctity, praised for the virtues they never practised.

GESMAS. Old Father Death gives birth to as many lies as there are flies in Egypt.

AHASUERUS. While those who live selflessly, cleanly, remembering immortality and decent duty, they are left to moulder, forgotten, or are recalled with contempt.

JUDAS. As you said, Ahasuerus ; we all have been harshly served. Who could have been more unfairly treated than I ? We Jews, we hated Imperial Rome ; we looked for a patriot to lead us, to free Judea, and topple down the Caesars, and their Herods. He came. I—patriot—joined him, giving up everything to serve the cause of our people. I would gladly have suffered crucifixion if thereby I could have set him in Herod's place—

though not to pay tribute to Caesar—no! And all the time he was meaning something else. Something cloudy up in the skies. He was no patriot. He loved the Samaritans as much as his own people, and was not so much against them. All he came to win was a shadow-kingdom, a paradise of ghosts. 'Render under Caesar the things that are Caesar's!' said he. So I gave him to the priests.

AHASUERUS. You sold him to the priests, Judas!

JUDAS. Ahasuerus, it is true I sold him; but I did not want their thirty pieces of silver. It was the blood-mark of their arrogant contempt for him, and perhaps for me. Caiaphas and Annas—they had stiff necks; their pride, Pharisaical, was a curse to Jewry. I threw away the money. I flung it away just as he rejected the earthly kingdom he might have taken if he had used our loyalty rightly . . . I betrayed him, it is true—but was I worse than Peter and those others—more pliant, less patriot than I—who denied him, forsook him in the hour of his trouble, fled from him, leaving him lonely with his enemies? And they—they are sung to and praised with incense and hymns; whilst I am buffeted by grievous winds—mortal spindrift doomed to immortality—driven confusedly from star to star, from the depths to the heights, to the depths again; and many a time am whirled across the frozen mountains and yawning craters of that yellow, sneering moon.

GESMAS. Truly you have been harshly treated, Judas! I see that! . . . I was patriot too. As for selling him, I would have sold him to the priests or to the republic for good red money, if it had come my way. Whatever gold may be in this caravanseraï of sand—dross, but pretty to look upon always—it was good in the old days; for it brought wine and warm food, glowing raiment, and the kisses of women.

AHASUERUS. And when you filched from the money-bags, Judas—

JUDAS. I did not steal from the money-bags. I kept the bags, and what I took and gave was to further the cause of a free Israel, and could have been accounted for. An enemy has written this thing! The patriarch Job—falsely praised for his patience, what has his patience been compared with ours?—that patriarch Job, unwise as well as impatient, wished scornfully that his enemy might write a book. My enemies did write a book, against which I can have no redress. They maligned me for all time. Babes lisp my name with an instructed hatred. It is a further touch of the

canker of injustice I must endure. Pitiless! Pitiless! There is no mercy under the stars for the weak or for the right who, with good intentions, have done wrong. Hypocrites may hope. Even the Pharisees, some of those who murdered *him*, wear haloes now, and raise loud voices in heaven chanting their endless Alleluia; while we are here . . . No justice moves under the eternal stars!

AHASUERUS. That is bitterly true. A heavy cross was offered to me to carry, when I had work to do and the heat of the day was fierce. Because I refused the odious burden I have been doomed ever since to wander without rest. It is stark injustice.

GESMAS. And stark injustice is it that because, with the mists of my old enemy Death closing over me, I chose to reject with derision the claims of the dying dreamer beside me. I would rather have suffered as I have done, and do—the most shamefully damned of all good cut-throat robbers—than have failed my will in that stern moment. True men should admire the true fighter; yet I am forever cursed.

AHASUERUS. So we must go on our unending ways of pain, brothers, letting only the stars witness our anguish and hiding it with pride from the peeping daylight: you, Judas, swept on torturing winds through maddening emptiness, buffeted, wounded with heavy blasts, suffering—having no hope of surcease even when this earth has fallen in flames from the firmament, and the proud sun is a wrinkled, dead face like yonder grinning moon. And I must ever be the Wandering Jew, doomed to this pilgrimage of agony, with no hope even of the blessed condition of death; while, Gesmas, you must remain for ever victim to the contempt of a base mankind. The foul as well as the great will deride you; even the mean thieves whose petty practices you would have disdained—

GESMAS. Plague take them! I only hunted the strong purses. I was a lion, not a cat.

AHASUERUS. —will continue to pour on you their contempt. So we all must endure—for ever, and for ever, and for ever. It has no end.

JUDAS. That is the bitterness of our misery—the helpless hopelessness of our humiliation. Never can we escape from this coil of woe. Yet we have witnessed, in these purgatorial centuries that cannot purge, infamous crimes for which there will be some forgiveness. Every kind of criminal, great and small, can fall to his knees, shed tears and prayers and be forgiven—Nero, Caligula,

the Borgias, Ivan the Terrible, Alaric, and Attila, multitudes like them. We have seen those murderers of life and of truth covered with guilt and blood. We have smelt their victims writhing in the flames. Yet those tyrants all may win, not merely the forgiveness which matters little, but the forgetfulness which brings the one necessity, peace. Though not for us, and never for us.

AHASUERUS. Never for us can there be rest, or that blessed forgetfulness the crown of peace. But morning will soon be here. The stars are growing pale.

GESMAS. It is the first of dawn. Who says there is no hope when we know that new sunshine follows the black night?

JUDAS. There is no hope in that, Gesmas! Night, remember, always follows the day.

AHASUERUS (*finally*). There is no hope for us!

Enter behind them MARY MAGDALENE. Her face shows traces of suffering, but is alight with kindness. She is clothed in white and bears an alabaster box. She stands. They turn to her.

JUDAS. I have seen your face before. It is Mary of Magdala.

MARY. Who was a woman fallen, degraded, lost; a willing victim to the lusts and love of men. Careless of the fruit of my beauty I sinned gladly, squandered my caresses, rejoiced in the misery I wrought, and gave freely of the sweets and poison of my lips. I loved; but not as now I love.

JUDAS. And now are sainted, one of the company of privilege; but more beautiful because more simply human than that bloodless generality of saints. The whited shadows! Why should you be forgiven and we be lost for ever? O Mary Magdalene, tell us that!

MARY. You are not lost for ever. I bring all of you hope and love. In this box is spikenard. I broke this box upon the feet of Christ, who through His selfless love brought me to purity and forgiveness. With the same spikenard, Judas, I anoint your feet.

[She kneels and anoints his feet.]

JUDAS. The wounds of my body, buffeted by the thousand winds, are charmed away, are healed, are gone. There is peace in my heart, and rejoicing.

[He stands as if the heavy weariness had gone from him.]

MARY. Ahasuerus, with this spikenard I anoint your feet, weak and lacerated through their toil of centuries.

[He goes to her eagerly; she anoints his feet.]

AHASUERUS. Woman of kindness! Our misery has been the worse for want of woman's sympathy and the touch of gentle hands. My heart bleeds and yet is breaking with happiness. You have found the secret of love, Mary Magdalene.

MARY. Peace has come to you, Ahasuerus, with the repose your tortured soul has yearned for! Gesmas, I will anoint your feet.

GESMAS. No, Magdalene, I am not worthy! I have blustered and been violent. I have fought good and bad alike to the last. I have a splendid power of hate. I must be lost because of my unbreaking spirit of enmity.

[She rises from her knees and goes to him. Kneels again before him and anoints his feet; then she bends and kisses them.]

There is healing in those hands, in that kiss, Mary Magdalene. Good-night, crutch! *[He lays it down]*. Mary Magdalene, you are the best of women.

MARY. And have been the worst of women.

JUDAS. You have given us the hope that was denied us.

MARY. Hope was never denied you. It was always with you; although your hearts were blind to it. See the daylight springs from the east.

AHASUERUS. The sun is rising. The world has grown very sweet. It is joy to be alive.

JUDAS. Brothers, let us love and pity all poor things.

GESMAS. Hark, friends! Above the music of the dawn there is something else. Listen!

JUDAS. Hush!

MARY *(solemnly)*. It is the Voice of God.—Come, my children! Come, my lost children! Come, my loved children!

ALL *(with reverence)*. It is the Voice of God!

The sun has now risen and shines. The sky is blue. The sand sparkles. The rich light of joy is reflected on the faces of Mary Magdalene and her three companions as the scene fades.

SILHOUETTES: THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY ROSALINE MASSON.

My earliest recollection is of Thomas Carlyle spreading golden syrup on my bread for me for breakfast. It is a very hazy memory, so hazy that, were it not for the distinct remembrance that the hand shook, thus sending the thin line of syrup descending like a zigzag of forked lightning, I might imagine it only an image impressed by the telling until it had become actually real. It must have been during one of his visits to my parents' house in Edinburgh. We lived in Regent Terrace in those days—one of that open sweep of three Terraces—light grey stone and great pillars with long windows set deep behind them—that encircle the base of the Calton Hill. Inside the Terraces are the most magnificent gardens in all Edinburgh—sunny lawns and deep thickets, high grounds and valleys, 'bench-encircled elms,' views of Firth and islands, of city and smoke, of country and of skies. A happy world for children.

Our particular house, at the beginning of the first Terrace as you come from Princes Street, faces Arthur's Seat, 'that great range of mountains', as a gentle English lady guest called it in awestruck tones. But between us and Salisbury Crags lay first the smooth pavement and road of the Terrace itself, where some of us used to bowl our hoops; then a belt of private gardens; then a drop to another road and public gardens of grass and steep paths; then a sheer descent into a valley that holds an outlying portion of the Old Town itself—poor houses of many historic memories, little ugly patches of new innovations, and a glimpse of an old God's Acre. But the feature of all, at the base of Arthur's Seat, is the grand ruin of Holyrood Abbey, with Holyrood Palace attached to it.

The high bow-window of the Regent Terrace nursery was a point of vantage, and from its window-seat a view gained that was a story-book, in which some of the pictures were living pictures. Thence it was that Queen Victoria, on her visits to Edinburgh, could be distinctly seen walking in the dull modern grounds of the ancient home of her Stewart ancestry. In early days she walked with Princess Beatrice, as the nation called her then, and was followed at a distance by John Brown, in kilts. Every now and

then she stopped to speak to John Brown, when he doffed his bonnet and hurried to her side. She pointed with her parasol to objects in the landscape, and presently walked on again with Princess Beatrice, and John Brown, falling to the rear, resumed his bonnet. It seemed almost as dull as the grounds. But the doings at Holyrood, at times of royal visits, were entrancing to watch, and somehow remain indelibly associated in memory with the wholesome flavour of brown bread-and-milk. Patriotism, Loyalty, and the Bread of Life!

It was from the window-seat in that high bow-window also that the mysterious gate could be watched. It was far down, in a break among the old streets, and it was a gate of open iron-work, so that the figures beyond it could be seen passing and re-passing. As with the wind, it was not known whence they came nor whither they went. But, far below, they passed and re-passed—silhouettes. Perhaps all the celebrities and vivid lives that the writer, in the house of such parents, saw, passing and re-passing her ignorant stage, out of the unknown into the unknown, were to her just such silhouettes, full of mystery and yet of significance.

Seen from that window, the railway trains were an endless source of interest. They flashed into view with so much strength of purpose and puffing of steam and rattle of carriages, and then, with a long, shrill whistle, dived into the tunnel—and were never seen again. They never came out. Their end was silence. Herbert Spencer would probably have said that a boy would have inquired intelligently, and learnt all about the Waverley Station at the far end of the Calton Tunnel, where the trains debouched their living freight. But I never inquired; I fancy I rather gloated in the mystery.

But it was these trains, and the long, shrill whistles, that disconcerted Carlyle. He demanded, on one visit, a room where he should not hear them. My mother carefully selected a room, called 'the beam room,' because it had a beam across the ceiling, which promised silence as it had no outside wall, and only a skylight. She led him in, and they stood together whilst he approved. The usual inhabitant stood by also, to know if this was to mean eviction. Suddenly—a shrill, long whistle, and the shriek and rattle of a shunting train. The old man laughed, gently, with full appreciation; and he and his hostess turned away. There was no eviction that night.

It is strange that geniuses, like lesser folk, leave their property

behind them when they pay visits. Browning left his sponge, and Carlyle his waterproof. I forget what any of the others left—save that Freeman of course left a deep impression. But that was later.

. . . A little sheet of paper lies before me, with a very narrow black border, and covered, all four sides, with small writing in almost undecipherable blue pencil. It seems to have been written from Dumfries, just after a visit, and the sly allusions to trains date it as possibly after the visit in which the beam room had been offered. The reference to 'Mrs. Orme' is to my mother's mother, who came from London to meet Carlyle.

'DEAR MASSON' (it runs)—'This morning, I find (a sharp shower reminding me) that the indispensable *mackintosh* is still hanging amid its kindred miscellanea in y^r Hall! Brown-paper Parcel (unpaid) by the Caledonⁿ railway; that is the clear remedy; one other bit of trouble I had still to add to the big kindness already accumulated *there*. Nothing else of harm was in the journey yest^r; wh^b I happily got transacted, after Abington Station, in perfect solitude, in mute dialogue with the misty mountains, and *their* sad and great unfathomable preachings and prophesyings to me. Brother and Nephew were in waiting at the poor *advent*; here I have since had five or six hours of sound deep sleep, and already feel to be approaching the old mark agⁿ.

'Of one thing I have, and shall retain, a right glad and thankful memory, the warmly human way in wh^b you all rec^d me, and wrapt my infirmities and me in soft down, in sympathy & ministratⁿ of your best. Not even the railway whistles and other *infernalia* of the case deprive me of that, or indeed do other than enhance all that.

'But my journey, I find, was radically wrong-schemed. It was of the nature of a relig^s *Pilgrimage* (truly such to me in this now wholly irrelig^s world); I sh^d have made direct for Haddⁿ, and back, communicat^s with no mortal; then w^d there have been nothing that was not sacred that was *not* sacred, that was mundane, basely miserable and profane. As it is, the hour I had in the Abbey Kirk, that half hour interview with noble old Betty, and the gen^l element thro'out in Regent Terrace: those do remain to me like jewels set in—I will not say what.

'Thanks & kindest regards to you all, ye friendly ministering souls, . . . from good Mrs. Orme, thrice good Madam, down to star-faced little —, I will say thanks & regards to you all.

'Yours ever T. CARLYLE.'

Another visit of Carlyle's had its humorous side. There was a letter-box on the front door at Regent Terrace, with name and prefix on it. This publicity had its drawbacks, for all the plausible fraternity in temporary straits owing to delayed remittances rang the bell and asked 'Is the Professor at home?' One day a new maidservant had been carefully instructed about this, and told that appearances were often deceitful, and that it was her duty to exercise discernment, and not to admit beggars. Next day she came to my mother with an air of indignation: 'Please, ma'am, there's a man in the hall, and he *won't* go away!' My mother went out into the hall, and there she saw a picture she never forgot—Thomas Carlyle, standing leaning on his stick, beside the pedestal which held his own bust—an uncouth figure that quite exonerated the poor maidservant; shabby and shaggy, in loose clothes and old Panama hat with black ribbon, and shoes with untied laces.

'Oh, Mr. Carlyle!' my mother cried, going forward with outstretched hands—for nothing could be said. And Carlyle, benign and gentle, as she always remembered him, looked down at her with ineffable kindness and affection, fully sympathising with her distress, fully seeing the whole situation, and most fully enjoying its humour.

My mother was always tenderly fond of the gentle old sage, full of reverence as well as of pitiful affection for him; for indeed, though surrounded by comfort and dutiful care, he was a sad and solitary old man in his latter days, wifeless and childless. An idolised 'Prophet,' a great writer influencing thousands unknown to him, is inevitably lonely of soul. My mother, who saw him in both aspects, constantly, in speaking of him long after his death, used the words 'gentle,' 'simple,' 'pure,' 'dignity.'

A letter from her, written to my father, gives a pen-picture of Thomas Carlyle in his widowed home during his last years.

'... Yesterday F—— and I went to Chelsea. We got there at one o'clock, and spent an hour with Carlyle. He looked a perfect picture of a golden old age, in a grey gown, in his beautiful drawing-room, among the well-arranged antiquities and pictures, and with the rose of health on his dear old face. He was as kind as possible, talked splendidly, about Sir Th. More—Erasmus—Luther—the Elector Frederick of Saxony—his successors—Frederick the Great—his sister—Cromwell and Milton. He showed us, as texts of his discourse, the pictures on the walls,

and kept us after we proposed to go. He often said "but Masson says so & so"—or "Masson tells me such and such a thing" . . .

'When we said goodbye he kissed us both twice over—lifting up our veils—and his dear face quivered a little as if he thought we might not meet again. He came down to the door with us and showed us other pictures in the dining-room, and the last words were "God bless you—and all good be with you!" It was a rare pleasure for us both. . . .'

How different this impression of Carlyle from that carelessly and cruelly given to the world after his death, and left with it so ineffaceably. . . .

'The pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!'

THE OLD-FASHIONED DOCTOR.

BY SIR S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.D.

For the last quarter of a century in the obituary notices of a good many physicians and surgeons, all of whom were well known in their day, and some of whom will hold an undoubted place in the historic roll of medicine, the phrases have occurred that, with such an one 'a type of an older school,' or 'one of the last of the old-fashioned doctors' has gone, or 'a link with the past' has been snapped; but as the past is a period of unlimited retrospect, and as what is old-fashioned is the subject of opinions which themselves are the subject of changes, the meaning which it is intended to convey is not clear.

What is not old, what is old, and what is very old indeed are matters of relativity in every department of life, but the epithet old-fashioned, as commonly used, does seem to put a term to the period of antiquity, and to suggest that, by comparison with the length of time which might have been brought into discussion, the range to be considered is brief. So when the old-fashioned doctor is spoken of, while we imply that he is one whose methods are out of immediate date, we also imply that those methods have distinct affinity with the procedures of our time. That is the significance of the familiar phrases quoted. No one would allude to Galen as old-fashioned; and when leaping the vast gulf between classical and mediæval culture, we come to Paracelsus, Linacre, and Vesalius, the epithet old-fashioned remains inapplicable. We are still too far away from them in thought as well as in date to call them old-fashioned; but it is the difference in mental approach, not the difference in the calendar, which counts, for cyclical recurrences of thought may render the oldest series of observations pertinent to existing conditions, just as we may at any moment witness a bias of taste, turning an apron of leaves into a modish summer confection.

The position which medicine in connexion with the study of natural science had reached in the time of the Ptolemies is largely comparable with its position in the eighteenth century—nothing between those dates counting much in a large sense. Along certain clinical paths, for this reason, it would be correct, despite what has just been said, to bring Hippocrates into line with the practice of to-day by calling him old-fashioned. In that glorious and curious stage of the world's learning, illustrated and mocked by Rabelais,

many valuable therapeutic additions were made, but the scientific thinkers were less ready for the doctrine of the circulation of the blood than they would have been nearly two thousand years earlier in history. When, at the end of the sixteenth century, Harvey arrived with his grand discovery, he had hard work to convince his own colleagues that he was right; he might have found it easier to discuss the mechanics of the circulation with the great anatomists of Alexandria than with any of the uromaniacs and alembists who gained the ridiculing attention of the Abstractor of the Quintessence (see Pantagruel, Bk. 4, ch. 7). The anatomy of Vesalius was, no doubt, ahead of that of Herophilus—Vesalius is a really great figure—but, nevertheless, three hundred years before the Christian era such men as Herophilus and Euclid would have been readier for scientific conviction of the value of Harvey's discovery than were many of Harvey's contemporaries, for anatomy and physics had not at the earlier date been defiled by superstition or daubed with mysticism.

A thing, then, is not old-fashioned wholly by reason of its date; rather, the old-fashioned thing may be defined as that which we accept in the main, but whose revision in detail is needed for conformity to modern standards. Generally, therefore, it will be of a fashion which has been superseded recently. But when a great pause occurs in the pursuit of knowledge, we may get a later fructification of ideas, sown centuries earlier, and summoned accidentally to maturity, accident having checked their development. (Recall the fact that about 2000 years went by between the discovery of the burning glass and the arrival of the microscope.) And as old ideas undergo resurrection, those who toiled to give shape to them earn promotion as old-fashioned and not oblivion as obsolete, which is an entirely different thing.

The old-fashioned doctor is one who has lost by the passage of years intimate touch with modern developments but not his philosophic insight into his calling, where he is the heir to a long lineage of experience and research. He knows that many truths when enunciated have escaped attention or been buried under irrelevancies, and he can console himself with the assurance that the essentials, to which he holds as tenaciously as do his successors, are the things that count for the good of mankind. But every now and then he gets a shock; for every now and then, in the drawn-out story of intellectual progress, there comes a discovery, sudden even though presaged, which revolutionises contemporary thought and changes the whole situation for the group of workers

concerned. A new essential is added, when, as far as the profession of medicine is concerned, all those who are unable to carry on their work in accordance with the discovery, and in association with its relations to their theory and technique, will become not so much old-fashioned as obsolete. But a man, finding himself in this plight, will be obsolete only in such measure as his previous equipment enables him, or does not enable him, to adapt the teachings of the old essentials to the differences entailed by the new essential.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood produced this situation. It rendered obsolete in their practice those who did not accept the truth; it did not deprive them of their valuable knowledge, but it left them dependent on empiricism instead of on reasoning, when dealing with pathological conditions. And what the discovery of the circulation of the blood did for the leaders of medicine in the sixteenth century, the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister did for the leaders of medicine in the middle of the nineteenth century. And if in one way the revolution of thought produced was not so striking, in another it was farther-reaching. In the first case we were dealing with the works of a paddle-steamer, and in the second with the multifarious and involved machinery of a Dreadnought; for the medicine of the nineteenth century, during that interval of 250 years between Harvey and Lister, had inherited the learning and assimilated the knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and morphology brought to the common stock by such men as Paré, Scheele, Laennec, and Hunter—especially the last—so that the system which had to be revised to suit the teachings of Lister was a scientific one, where practice had been tried and found good—in many directions it has not been changed—but where ignorance of etiology limited the therapy and shut out preventive treatment save of a speculative character.

Pasteur's work of discovery was to a great extent the expression of the achievements of chemistry used with penetrating insight into meanings and connexions which had hitherto escaped notice. His range of experiment was very great, but human diseases did not at the beginning, or at any time exactly, form the objects of his investigations. Lister was an enormous discoverer quite independently of Pasteur. He had got on the right track when Pasteur's work came as a revelation to him, buttressing his ideas and indicating their working out. Pasteur both inspired and confirmed Lister, so that, sure of the soundness of his theories and convinced by rigid testing of the huge value of his technique,

he was able not only to announce but to insist upon the radical nature of his message.

Now a typical old-fashioned doctor, in accordance with what has been suggested earlier, would be a man a little preceding Lister, who was a master of their common science and an intellectual leader, what time Lister was making good as a hospital surgeon. Such a man would be of the generation of Lister's immediate seniors and immediate teachers; out of what this man taught, or transmitted from still older masters, Lister became the able surgeon that he was, and acquired as a pupil the base upon which he could found his researches.

Lister was born in 1827 and, reaching the ripe age of eighty-five, did not die till 1912, and if any date can be fixed for the announcement of his discoveries, which were alike the result of solid grounding, intense application, and imagination, he may be said to have delivered his message in the year 1860. For a quarter of a century he added to it and modified it, while a faithful band of adherents developed his teaching and applied it in new directions. During this time there grew up with Koch, to mention one among the most prominent, the great bacteriologists of the 'seventies and 'eighties, who revealed the immense future of preventive medicine by tracing the causes of separate infections. Quite soon the interconnexion between physiology, chemistry, and the transformed pathology was arrived at, and the whole framework of a new medicine was erected.

Now consider the leaders of the medical profession at that time, that is to say, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Among the physicians Sir William Jenner was the most prominent, though Sir William Gull was equally well known. Among the surgeons—thinking only in terms of London—Paget, Savory, and Holmes may be mentioned as particularly noticeable. The first of these was slightly older than Lister, the last two were his contemporaries. Sir William Jenner was born in 1815, Sir William Gull in 1816, Sir James Paget in 1814, while William Savory and Timothy Holmes were born respectively in 1825 and 1826. These men were truly great physicians and truly great surgeons. They were the representatives of the best academic and clinical learning when Lister introduced the antiseptic doctrines, and when the significance of bacteriology became manifest. They counted in the vast rise of general scientific knowledge which marked the mid-Victorian era, and the interplay of special branches of learning was manifest to them. The

teachings of Darwin and Huxley, himself a medical man, were accepted by them, and the fact that the normal relations between all organisms involve systematic biological reciprocity was plain to them. The names of these five men are brought forward as typical exponents of medical thought at the time when Lister's work had to be taken into account, revising, as it did, all theory and all practice, not because a dozen others, with names as well or better known and with claims as high or higher, could not have been mentioned, and not because London is the only centre from which medical light was, or is, diffused, but because those particular five represent exceptionally well the natural divisions of professional leadership. Jenner had shown the potentialities that lay in clinical observation when, unassisted by bacteriology, he had distinguished between typhus and typhoid. Gull, relying also on clinical experience, was the pathologist who first drew attention to myxoedema, calling it 'a cretinoid state supervening in adult life.' Ord and Greenwood, of more or less the same generation, extended these researches, and it was left to younger men, Victor Horsley and Professor G. R. Murray, to work out the causation and determine the treatment under which what was previously an incurable complaint has become tractable. Sir James Paget was a surgical saint; he held the tenets in which he was bred with devotion, and he enlarged those tenets by fervent and widening application of them for the enlightenment of those who should follow. When only a student he discovered the cause of trichinosis by the intelligent use of the microscope, and through his devotion to surgical pathology he helped to bridge the gap between Hunter and Lister. Timothy Holmes was a scholar. He arrived in London after a brilliant career in double schools at Cambridge, took the fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England without sitting for the lower diploma, and while still a junior assistant surgeon at St. George's Hospital was so confessed a scientific and literary authority that he was able to gather around him a brilliant staff of expert writers, and produce the leading System of Surgery. Savory was the most important surgeon in the country to hold out openly against the Listerian treatment, and as late as 1879, at a meeting of the British Medical Association, he declared the distrust that he was feeling. In his earlier days, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he was a highly successful teacher, and his care and skill at operations were notorious. He declared against Listerism when it had been largely accepted as gospel, but he was afterwards elected President of the Royal College of

Surgeons of England, the fact being that, far more than he himself knew, he was in accord with the antiseptic school. The results which he brought forward of successes obtained without the aid of Lister's technique were so many proofs that by preventive care he could produce conditions where antiseptics were less needed, and to that extent he was actually ahead of the leading which he deprecated, and was pointing to the goal of asepsis.

These men form a representative group, for which many names equally apposite could have been substituted, of the scientific leaders in surgery and medicine whom the introduction of Listerism immediately rendered old-fashioned, while it rested with them to adapt their personal and academic equipment to the new essential if they did not intend to become obsolete. They all gave in their adherence, four with deliberation and one unwittingly, protesting his unbelief while really showing important conformity in some regards; for Savory had recognised that sepsis must be abolished, without appreciating that to understand the cause of sepsis would make such success as he could record not a personal affair, but an orderly technique for all.

But the position was very difficult for such men and for all who could be compared with them in wisdom or standing. They were in the van, but although they might estimate at its proper value the significance of Lister's work, it was still impossible for them in many directions to do more than speed that work by verbal advocacy. Coeval though they were with Lister, he had worked intensively and for many years with his theory before him and his special faith within him, and when he declared his results his technique was imperfect. He could not teach by written or spoken word what his entire message was, and in certain details he was not certain himself what it was. His contemporaries, and, for that matter, a good many of his juniors, who were unready for the great revolution even while they supported it, had in most cases not the training which would enable them to put the new doctrine to actual proof. Lister had taught himself, and was instructing the whole scientific world junior to him, but there was no one to teach the men of Lister's age or just senior to him, who had left the lecture-room and bench too long to remain flexible when the famous work at Glasgow and Edinburgh began. Physicians, and surgeons in particular—for it is to surgeons the words mostly apply—brought up in the older school, though they faced manfully the difficulties of unfamiliar procedure, and though they might be insistent upon Listerian practice in theory

and word, never became great exponents of the practice; Listerism was necessarily a thing that in its carrying out required personal experience, though in its exposition it could be accepted all along the line. Few leading surgeons, however, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century contested the truth of Listerian teaching, and those who did found no disciples. The rest, having a grand heritage of surgery behind them and a great work to do at the institutions with which they were connected, and at the academies and corporations whose leading posts they filled, welcomed the vastly extended scope of operative treatment and preventive medicine held out.

But while they gave in adherence to the advanced school, it was inevitable that in their public utterances they should more than occasionally point out that what they had done in their day, before the discovery of antiseptics, and much of what they still were doing, was confirmed by the Listerian doctrines. They laid stress upon old clinical methods to show that, although they had been without many of the facilities which the young men now possessed, they had been able, if by more haphazard methods, to make great discoveries, such as those enumerated, and to arrive clinically at many identical conclusions. And this explains to some extent why, in their biographical sketches, much stress is laid on the personalities, and occasionally the whimsicalities, of the departed leaders. They made their mark by their idiosyncrasies, by insisting upon them. Being often without a broad theory for the causation of conditions whose symptoms and significance they recognised unerringly, they trusted to individual acumen to obtain information and to individual experience for indications as to the best method of fighting the pathological foe. Then, in their teaching, they were bound to use dogma as a general reason. They would lay stress on the value of this or that drug, and the promise of this or that procedure, because they had found them valuable in this or that case. Thus they became associated in the minds of their juniors with routines that seemed little removed from fads, and their lovable eccentricities were allowed to obscure the fact, the amazing fact, that unaided by the further knowledge that we now have of the origins of disease, they were able to treat successfully the conditions.

The grand thing that happened to medicine seventy years ago was the opening up of a boundless vista of prevention by the identification of causes. On this followed wide and special developments of treatment, but here we must be careful not to underrate

the therapeutic prescience and achievements of the older men—the long historic roll of medical protagonists.

What the Listerian methods did in the first instance for surgery, bacteriology did, and is doing, for every department of healing ; it is making prevention the object of the doctor.

In medicine pure the story of malaria forms a very good example of this. In the first years of the Victorian era there was published a remarkably eloquent treatise on medicine by Sir Thomas Watson. Watson, one of the numerous scholars who have adorned St. John's College, Cambridge, was physician to King's College Hospital and was appointed Professor of Medicine in the school in 1836. He was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1862 and held office for five years. Between these dates he published a series of clinical lectures, covering the whole practice of medicine, which he had delivered at the medical school. A section of this admirable book was devoted to malaria, in those days believed to be a miasmatic disease, but there is not a word in Watson's essay, if we read it alongside with the latest treatise on malaria, that is not informing as to symptomatology and sound as to treatment. The types of malaria are carefully separated, as, indeed, they had been separated by Hippocrates, though modern work has here enabled classification to be much more useful as well as elaborate ; the phenomena of the attacks are minutely described ; the historical, geographical, and climatic information is full and derived from authoritative sources ; and the treatment of the sick is sound and based on a practical knowledge of the qualities of quinine. But the cause of the spread of malaria being unknown—though something very near the truth had been guessed at more than once—not a word could be said about prevention. No doubt, with the famous revelation of Manson and Ross, treatment of the individual cases has advanced in many ways, but the world-importance of their contribution to medicine lies in the fact that a disease, supposed to owe its origin and spread to telluric and climatic circumstances, lying beyond the limits of human activity, is found to be preventable now that we know its cause. The great difference between the teaching of Hippocrates and Sir Thomas Watson and that of to-day is that we now know the etiology, while with them it was a matter of speculation. With regard to treatment, Hippocrates suggested none, and Sir Thomas Watson, with limitations, that which we now follow, but he could give only empiric reasons for his advice. The periodicity of the paroxysms eluded exact demonstration until

the microscope began to play its effective part and until every pathologist was aware of the existence of blood parasites ; but for years physicians used much speculation upon the hot and cold phenomena in relation to the etiology of malaria ; and in their guesses were themselves now hot and now cold. Those who attributed the sequence to an unexplained fermentation of the blood may be described as lukewarm ; those who thought the phenomena were due to a general law of the universe by which night follows day, rain follows drought, and winter summer, were very cold ; while the one or two who hazarded the guess that insects might carry the infection were very warm indeed. These philosophers, if they had remembered that most occurrences in nature have predisposing or concomitant reasons as well as one activating cause, might have laid down for certain the rules for prevention of malaria without having microscopic proof of their wisdom. Lancisi, for example, asked : ' *Cur juxta paludes noctu praesertim indormientes magis quam vigilantes laedantur ?*' He and others knew that the victims of malaria were those who slept out in the neighbourhood of certain damp but drying areas, and if they had put this knowledge alongside of the observation that certain insects would breed well in such areas, and would bite at night, the discovery of the peccant mosquito might have been made years ago. But the notion of a mysterious miasma had too forceful an appeal.

The old-fashioned doctor is the man who has learned *what* to do without, sometimes at any rate, the opportunity of learning *why* he does it. It is his devotion and sagacity that we should admire ; these virtues remain and are aggravated by any gaps in his technique.

Medicine is a torch race, to quote Moore's jingle :—

'Tis like a torch race such as they
Of Greece performed in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

But they who pass on the torch in the team race of medicine do not necessarily drop out of the race. Out-paced they will be—that is in the scheme of the race ; but for some time after they have handed over the torch they can keep in touch with their successors and help them to victory by encouragement and counsel, advising them to spare their breath down such and such an incline, or warning them out of personal experience that the flame will falter if the torch be not carried at the proper angle.

THE DESK.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

I.

TRAXON was never quite certain when this curious happening began. The strange thing was so extraordinarily natural that he accepted it as he accepted everyday things. He merged into it out of his ordinariness. The first thing that touched his senses was the trampling overhead—trampling of heavy boots on a wooden surface where, really, there was merely a sharp-pitched slated roof.

But that, actually, wasn't the first of it.

The first of it must have been the motion. A slow, swinging motion, easy and languorous, with, at intervals, a sliding dip forward and back. A delicious, rolling motion quite unmistakable in nature. . . . And then there was the chuckle of the water along the sides. . . . That was quite apparent, for a heavy and slumbrous silence filled everything. He heard the running tinkle of waves as they fled along the sides. He heard, now and then, a slow 'swash' as of a ship flattening out easy seas . . . that was part of the sliding dip forward. Then would come the sleepy wash of a wave along the counter.

There was the heat and the smell, too. A heavy and pervading heat, moist, pregnant, but not sullen. Not the heat of his fire. Not the heat of the room, but a general, splendid heat of open spaces . . . with their odours. Singular, quickening odours they were. There was that touch of tar, and that something sharp but intangible that always got into the senses on ships, and over these that deeper, richer fragrance. A fragrance that seemed steamy. . . . What was there in it? Crushed marigolds . . . rankness . . . rotting leafage . . . a mingling of cloying hyacinthine sweetness . . . river mud. A definite and thrilling aroma. It was strange to Traxon . . . and yet it was not strange. He had snuffed it through his nostrils before . . . though, of course, that was impossible.

Impossible! Yet he sat there, his elbows on his books, taking it all as a matter of course.

Even the trampling overhead, on those planks that were not there. . . .

First there was that heavy tread clumping up and down, up and down . . . sometimes a quick padding went by. Then the heavy tread stopped. After a minute or two there was a loud shout. On top of that there came a rush of trappings. Heavy boots went stamping overhead, and with them, like echoes, many softer paddings. There seemed an incoherence of noise. . . . Yet Traxon also knew that there was nothing incoherent about it. . . . He listened to the massed stampings to and fro. Heard the quick and frequent shouts. There were creakings and rattlings and monstrous flappings. Things bumped heavily above him. There was a heavy, regular tramp and a loud, swinging song with it, and something clinked and clicked as the trampling went on. A deep voice shouted 'Stand by!' The trampling ceased. The deep voice shouted 'Let her go.' There was a great splash, and a roaring filled Traxon's ears.

Then the swinging motion was interrupted. First it was checked by an abrupt shuddering stagger. Then the motion took on a curious lilt, an easy dancing action. All sense of going forward, which had previously been apparent, ceased.

Almost at once there was a rapid movement above. There was a noisy clatter, heavy boots on metal-bound stairs, coming down, down.

Traxon looked up, looked straight before him. A man came right up to his desk. A strange man; and yet somehow Traxon had expected him. He was a man short, square, and decisively thick. He was extraordinarily hairy, and his swarthy face was gleaming with heat. Against the blue-black of his beard and his long hair, ear-rings of heavy gold swung. It was strange—queer.

His get-up was queer. He had a broad, floppy hat, and under his hat a red silk kerchief, knotted, that bound his hair. He had a loose, full shirt of heavy green silk, open at the throat and to the hairy chest: no buttons on this opening, but cords that could be drawn tight. He had loose, stout breeches, caught at the knees with laces, and high boots with brimmed tops, made of soft leather, though the soles were very stout, and the toes squared. About this man's middle was a twisted vermilion sash, hanging in a silken fringe over the left hip. An ivory-hafted knife was stuck into this sash, and Traxon saw the butt of a long, clumsy flint-lock pistol, the grip inlaid with gold. A strange man!

Traxon looked up at him. It was a glance both of expectation and astonishment. He felt at once that this was extremely real and yet extremely unnatural. The man looked deeply at him with his black eyes, flung a hand to the rim of his hat in a salute, and said easily :

'The anchor is down, good Master Jermine. The town of the country people is abeam. They come down to the beach with their calivers and musketoons in their hands, so I have bid our company stand by the ordnance.'

He spoke in a harsh voice, using his words strangely. But directly he began to speak the strangeness of all this burst in upon Traxon. He felt the unnaturalness, the fright of it. He started back, his hands on his desk, staring. Then, as the man in speaking moved forward and pressed against the desk, he jumped up.

He jumped up and away from the desk. . . .

Immediately the room was as it always was. He was staring straight at the wooden chalet clock on the mantelpiece, and the two unmistakable vases with 'A present from Clacton' inscribed on them in gold letters. He saw his own familiar litter on that board, letters, and the ash-tray with his pipe on it, a packet of cigarettes, and his humdrum photos. There was no strange man, no strange timber walls, no heat, nor smell, nor trappings overhead. It was his habitual room—his bed-sitting room in his Brixton lodging.

He stared about him. He said to himself 'I fell asleep. I dreamt.'

Only he felt he had neither slept nor dreamt.

II.

It was an amazing, a 'rummy' thing to have happened to him, Traxon decided. Even if it had been a dream, then it was the strangest sort of dream for a fellow like him to have. He wasn't keen on the sea. He wasn't interested in ships. He didn't even care to read books about ships and pirates (that bearded fellow with ear-rings had the look of a pirate). When he read he preferred to read love stories, or stories about games and railways and such modern things. So that to dream like that . . .

Only, again, Traxon felt that it hadn't been a dream.

He looked towards his desk, the new desk of which he was rather proud. It wasn't really a desk, but rather a desk top, queer and rough, with a lift-up lid, and a big space underneath to put his papers, and a couple of drawers inside at the sides, in which he would put his secret and valuable things, like love letters, insurance policies, and money, when he possessed these things. He looked at his desk and tried to remember all that had happened.

It was not hard to do that. His Pitman's Shorthand (Advanced) book, and the writing pad and his pen were lying on top of the desk. After he had had his evening stroll he had got them out, meaning to put in an hour's study while the fire lasted and before going to bed. Well, so far all right. He had sat down with a pleasant feeling at his new desk and begun to work . . . there were the two lines of grammalogues he had transcribed. And he had gone on working, easily, until—until the other thing had happened. No, he had not been sleepy. He had been alert, far from drowsiness. There was no thought of his sleeping. He could see that by the sure and precise strokes of his shorthand. . . .

Or, rather, he felt that would decide it. He rose from the chair in which he had flung himself, went across to his desk to look at his notes. There was the strong first line of shorthand outlines, and . . . He stared amazed at the second line. This was the second line :

'Upon the two and twentieth Novbr. made the land of Brasil after passing through a sudden flawe of Winde . . .'

Traxon stared. He had not written that second line. Why should he? It had nothing to do with him. And then that queer, angular, antique writing wasn't his? He couldn't have written like that . . . and yet who else could have written it? . . . Who else? . . .

'Dream writing,' he suggested to himself, but he knew that explained nothing. It was absurd. The matter was unexplainable.

Then he tried to explain it.

He picked up the pad, and sat down in the wicker arm-chair by the fire, with the pad on his knees. He took a pencil out and held it in his hand. He let his head lie back, relaxed his whole body.

'If I lie easy, thinking of nothing. . . . If I drop off like this,

that ole dream 'll come back. That ole feelin' 'll come back. I'll begin to see what it is, see daylight. . . .'

He lay back, easy, relaxed. He tried not to think of this strange, queer happening. He tried not to think it out, to get reason out of it. He tried to push away from him the singular thrill that had followed the touch of uneasiness, even fear, that had come to him on the instant that he had understood this experience to be unnatural, uncanny. . . . Thrill—yes, it was a thrill. Trying not to remember that lilting heave about him, in him; that strange, rare, tropic smell; the tramlings; that hairy, swarthy face, gleaming with heat between the gently swinging gold of ear-rings—trying to be entirely void, empty of thought he lay back. . . .

He awoke stiff and cold. The fire was out, the room was icy. He had a frowsty, tired feeling in his bones, in his mouth. The chalet clock pointed to ten past three, and it was dark. . . .

And nothing had happened.

III.

Stanley Traxon forgot about his curious experience. The memory of it teased him vaguely in the first hours of the next morning, but that was mainly because shortness of sleep had made him tired and touchy, and he remembered why that was. He didn't try to explain the curious psychic experience. It was merely a funny thing that had happened. He didn't speculate on it. He was both too busy and too mundane.

There was the usual Saturday morning rush at the office, the usual furious need to cope with work expeditiously because of the imperative necessity of getting away to play cricket. Then there was the cricket itself—a passion entirely absorbing to Traxon. It was the cricket that sponged his mind blank of the strange incident. After cricket Chloe. He supposed he was in love with Chloe; at nineteen one seemed to feel the need of a girl, if only to unfold the superb plan of one's large future to. Chloe was fluffy. She was redoubtably monosyllabic. And since she made the accepted noises at the accepted moments in his monologue, he took it that she was a good and appreciative listener. He had kissed Chloe more than once, and taken her to the pictures, and she would remain pretty for quite a fair time—well, Chloe was as good as any other.

Sunday was mainly Chloe, too—a long ride on a 'bus, a walk through the country, tea in a sweet-shop, then a longish evening in her parents' parlour and much singing of last year's comic songs. Monday was all work, of course, until the evening. No time to think of the queer thing that had happened. So all this time he hadn't thought of it. . . . Well, not really. But there had been one moment, a moment as the 'bus swayed down Streatham Hill, when abruptly, amid the dusty, petrol-tinged heat of the evening, he *had* felt the dip and swing of something else under him, had sniffed but the faintest memory of a rich, luscious tropic smell. . . . Gone in a flash, as it had come in a flash; but somehow everything about him had seemed very cheap and hampered. . . . He seemed to be crushed in, doomed to do stupid little things for a stupid little life—he who was attacking London with a Midlander's alertness, was already marked out as 'a smart young feller,' who by his aptitude and his study of shorthand and other things was going to carve out a life distinguished beyond anything his shopkeeping forebears had ever imagined.

Just that one moment came to him, and the rest was forgetfulness. That, of course, was because he hadn't had a minute to himself—in his room, at his desk . . .

It was after he had settled down to work, head resolutely propped on left hand, eyes on his books, his right hand ready to deal with the intricacies of Mr. Pitman that—that it came again. . . .

There was that lilting movement—not a going forward, but the graceful jiggling of a largish ship on an anchor cable. There was the chuckle of water along the side, the quarter, and overhead the tramp of stout boots and the pad of bare feet. . . . And the smell—rich, steamy, and yet decadent—was the same. And he was the same. Half amazed at himself—half knowing it was all as it should be. He was there, naturally, thinking over things.

He was thinking over the things that had happened since the barque (only he knew that he spelt it 'bark') had anchored. His master's mate had come down and told that the *Bon Adventure* (that was the barque) had anchored, and that the country people were coming out of the town with their calivers and musketoons. At that he had gone up on deck. . . . It was a strange ship he was on: a ship such as he had never set eyes on, but again over the strangeness of it all was the feeling of being so accustomed to

it that he did not notice much. The other man, Jerminé, in whose mind he seemed to be dwelling, perceived nothing strange. . . . He did glance down from his high poop at the men at the guns. . . . That was his business. . . .

Strange men they were. Strange, wild men, long-haired, ear-ringed, and they had bright kerchiefs bound round their heads. Some were half-naked, all wore breeches, rough and of canvas, and they bristled with weapons. . . . He looked down at them as they stood by the lean, low brass cannons on wooden mountings. Buckets of powder were near each cannon, and round shot. Over each gun stood a man with a match that flickered wanly in the brazen sunlight.

He had seen as he, or the other man, remembered it across the bulwarks a scene bright and still, like a great painting. A broad, ochre-coloured flood pressed eternally and strongly by them . . . he could see the dimple made by the anchor chain as it divided the strongly flowing waters. Across the yellow stream was the forest, immense, powerful, sweeping right out of the stream in a tremendous uprush. There were mighty trees as stiff as columns, with tops mushroomed against the very sky, so that it seemed as though their heads emerald green, vermillion, heliotrope, or shimmering gold, had been inlaid in the piercing blue of the heavens.

Beneath the leafy tops the vines strung the great stems together in a tremendous tapestry of woven green in which shone the faint glowings of queer exotic blooms. That mighty wall of living green stretched right and left as far as the eye could follow. It was deep, threatening, mystical; there was something brooding and terrible in its illimitable, deep silences.

The wall was not interrupted by the beach. Merely the trees stood back to leave it bare. It was a great clearing, running back from the fillet of gold that bordered the flood deep into the trees, but the trees hemmed it round all the same. Beyond the beach was the town, yellow-walled, with here and there a luminant splash of red or blue or green as the painted wall of a flat-roofed house rose above the ramparts. On the top of these houses were sun awnings, rich, barbaric splashes of vital colour in all shades. He could see people standing on these roofs . . . women . . . looking out to him, watching him. . . . Along the wall top he saw figures moving, and the tremendous sunlight rayed, flashing now and then on pike-tip and steel helmet.

He looked at the beach. He, or the other man, recalled all in vivid detail.

Men were straggling down the beach from the town gate. They carried weapons in their hands, but from their movements, from the way they glanced at the *Bon Adventure*, they were frightened. . . . They stood and moved about indecisively for some time. Then they launched a boat. They came within hail. The master's mate climbed on to the bulwark, and in a loud contemptuous voice, and in Portuguese—yes, it was in Portuguese—ordered all in the boat to put their weapons under their feet. The men in the boat fluttered like hens, and they obeyed. They came alongside . . . In a minute Traxon—only he knew his name was really Jermine—was talking to the men who held their big grass-sun hats in their hands as they talked to him, and cringed, and looked up at him timidly under their brows as they answered the questions of the master's mate who interpreted.

And Traxon knew, as he rested there, head on hand, that he had dismissed these fellows curtly. He had bidden the master's mate, whose name was Hal, tell them that he did not speak his mind with underlings. He would see the Governor. He would go ashore himself and see the Governor. He had been told that the Governor was a sick man, but be he sick unto death he would see him.

"And let them hearken to the fact, Hal, that be they but the slightest degree treacherous and my ordnance will turn their mud walls into ruins about their ears—if it be that they have any ears left."

And the master's mate Hal had said ferociously :

'Pah, why parley with the rogues? Fire into them, Master Jermine. Sack their town. It is passing rich. And your men are eager for fighting, for looting, for . . .'

Traxon must have been shocked by the coarse and terrible words that were flung in fury from the bearded mouth of the master's mate Hal—that is, the Traxon who knew that in spite of the strange reality of this unusual thing it was all a dream. Never in his Midland life or his City career had he heard words so coarse, so unsqueamish and uttered with such terrible zest as when the man Hal let them loose. The other side of him—the Jermine side, he supposed—remembered these words without affront, though with a faint flavour of disgust. Hal, this other self was reflecting, was a Dutchman, a brute . . . like many of that wild crew.

But the effect of the words, or the memory of them, must have made Traxon (Traxon the City clerk who was—was dreaming all this) move, made him start back. And at once a curious thing happened. His mind was blank. The dream had utterly vanished. He was sitting there, flung back in his chair staring about him at the commonplace Brixton room—hearing the ticking of the commonplace wooden chalet clock . . . The dream, the strange happening was gone and was unreal, absurd.

He sat there, bewildered, stupefied, still tingling with his strange and rare experience, but no longer of it. It was as though he had shut a door suddenly between himself and that happening. The transition was abrupt and complete . . . and yet he tingled with the memory. He wanted to learn more. He wanted to get back. He sat rigid in his chair, making a tremendous effort of concentration, endeavouring to snatch at the frail threads of the vanished experience. It was no good. He could not recapture it. He tried to imagine what came next so as to stimulate his mental flow. . . . No good . . . nothing came.

In despair he plunged forward, and with elbows on his desk clutched his head in a vast effort of concentration. . . . At once he was *there* again. He was abruptly in the ship, feeling the lilt of it under him, feeling the steamy heat and smelling the strange smells of the tropics. He was there on board the *Bon Adventure*, his head in his hands, musing on what had just happened, what had taken place in San Ramon . . . that was the name of the town.

Above all he was remembering, with a sort of angry tenderness, the girl.

IV.

The girl! He remembered her with a sort of desperate pain. He remembered her more vividly than anything else that had happened. He had gone to the beach in a boat that carried a piece of light ordnance in its bows. With seamen, gaudily clad, armed, and swaggering, he had entered the town. It was the usual South American town. Streets narrow to keep out the sun. Straight-faced houses with iron-caged windows, stared down at their passing, blankly, enigmatically. The streets were lonely. There was the sense of people scuttling out of their way into dark doorways as they went forward. They *did* see some savages.

Solemn, unsmiling fellows with bones through their lips and noses. They lolled in a group just by the corner of the Plaza, and looked at the seamen with their black, incurious eyes.

The seamen had marched boldly across the Plaza, with its ankle-deep sand and its cross in the middle, to the house that, apart from the church and the monastery, was the largest in the square. A gate of iron bars had been opened, and then at the end of a short passage another, and they were in a *patio*, with a fountain throwing up threads of diamonds in the vivid sun, and masses of palms and jewel-like flowers setting this fountain about. They had skirted the *patio* on a marble pavement. They came into the big room of the *gobiernos*.

Yes, he was a sick man. An old sick man. He sat huddled in a big dark, carved chair, with the Royal arms of Portugal shining in colours and gold on the high back stretching above his head. The skin above his narrow bald head, and decisive cheek-bones, shone like polished ivory above the thin, white beard that had once masked a terrible chin. His sunken eyes stared at them listlessly. In spite of the heat he was wearing fur, a golden-brown fur, about his throat. It fringed the heavy black velvet of his doublet. Gold in chains and rings shone on him.

But it wasn't the Governor Traxon—or really, Jermine—saw. It was the girl who stood at his right shoulder. Such a girl, tall and slim, and of an inexpressible dignity. A queen woman—and yet young and lovely. She stood there, proud and sumptuous. She stood ivory-skinned, vivid-lipped before him. Her superb dark eyes looked steadily and directly into his. And he who had been abashed by no living man—or woman—felt the need of all his will to meet those wonderful eyes resolutely. Their regard had both shamed and angered him, it was as though he had been exposed to the very deeps of his soul by that candid and direct gaze. And she was magnificently beautiful . . .

The master's mate, Hal, in his rough Portuguese put a question to the Governor crouched in his chair. The old man's long old hands moved listlessly, but he did not reply. The girl said suddenly in French :

'We know of thee, Admiral Jermine. We know why thou hast come to San Ramon.'

He stared at her, trying to recapture all his old boldness. Hal who spoke no French looked from one to the other.

'If you know of me and of my business, then our talk will be

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the easier,' he had said, trying to put as much brutality into his voice as possible.

'We are a peaceful people,' she answered with a fine young courage.

'And I am not peaceful,' said Traxon—or Jermine. 'Nor is my company.'

'Though we are peaceful, we are not weak,' she answered him.

'Mud walls,' he scoffed. 'My ordnance will deal well with them.'

'So Scarred Jake, your countryman, thought. He attacked us with his ship which is larger than yours, and two caravels. We sank the caravels. He landed. You will find the graves of a third of his company under our walls. Then he drew off with his ship full of holes, and he has come never again.'

Jermine had stared at her, striving to be contemptuous. But he was impressed. Scarred Jake was a redoubtable fighter. He had that ferocity that forced him to remain engaged in his fight right up to the moment of defeat. Of all the freebooters on these southern seas, Jake was the greatest terror as a fighter. And if he had been driven off . . . Even as he had thought that he was also thinking how beautiful this woman was. True-minded and generous she must be under that splendid dignity of hers. What a woman to win! . . .

And suddenly she said:

'Why must you come in violence? Why cannot you come in peace? We would be friends, we wish not for warring and woundings. We would trade; give you food; barter the goods of this land. We would stand by you and help if your war-vessel needs repairing. Why cannot you be friendly?' She made a quick step forward, a warm, delicate colour tinting her exquisite cheeks. 'There is that in your face . . . in your eyes. . . . You are not the same, not as the others of the pirates, Admiral Jermine.'

She stopped, she was confused—deliciously, by what she had said, by that sudden leaping out of soul towards him she had yielded to. Her eyes, bright with tears, held his appealingly for a moment, and then dropped . . . so womanly, so womanly. . . .

And Hal at his side cursed and grunted.

And he who had been as bewildered as she, who had felt something within him leap out towards that which had come from her, said harshly because Hal had spurred him, because he dared not exhibit this strange softness that had come to him:

'A woman's pleading. My talk is for men.'

She stood for a moment with her eyes down. He saw her young breast breathing strongly, then she looked at him—nobly, the generosity in her fine eyes giving way to steadiness.

'I speak for my father,' she said. And then he knew why she was there—why she appeared in public talking to men as equals, and had not remained in seclusion, behind curtains as was the rule with women of her race. She was the power here. That old man was but the empty figure-head. She ruled in San Ramon. She was the power. He looked at her, at her vitality, at the intelligence of her, and he saw she was fitted to rule, that wondrous, magnificent creature.

Traxon shifted his elbows . . . at once he lost the thread of the dream. He jumped forward. He was still sitting down in that lilting ship, but now he was remembering how he had returned to it. Remembered the hearty and bitter grumblings of Hal. Hal was demanding why the town had not been put to the sword—why they were staying their hand—why they did not break out in fighting and fire and loot. He had staved Hal off with a talk of the need of going slow, of gaining their ends by cunning and stealth. He had told the story of the defeat of Scarred Jake, and the need of their going carefully with such redoubtable people. And Hal had said :

'We were among the churls. They were at our mercy. A pistol ball through the head of that old dotard—a dagger point at the fine throat of that minx . . . and the town would have yielded all we desired. . . . It is that accurs'd softness in you, Master Jermine. You are too lily-white for the pirate's game. There is too much of the fine gentleman in you. It has spoilt our game before, it is spoiling it now. This girl with her noble airs . . .'

He had cursed Hal. He had named him a dullard who could see no farther than the tip of his broken nose because of his greed for loot. He had insisted on the necessity for cunning. . . . And now, with his head in his hands he was thinking of the girl, knowing it was the girl and the strange way she had touched him that was causing him to hold his hand. She and her sudden call to that something within him, something that answered to her beauty, her youth, her generosity and her nobleness, had changed him, or rather, brought to the surface ideas he had sought to tread roughly underfoot. He saw her now before him, superb, slim, serene-eyed. Her vivid lips . . .

There was a violent knocking without. Somebody hammered on his door. He sprang up. And he was in his room at Brixton at once and his landlady was asking him in acid tones if he knew the cost of post-war gas, and if he intended to burn his light all night.

V.

And then the experience left him. Left him completely for two days. Awed by the landlady he had turned out his light, but he meant not for a moment to forgo this strange experience of living through great moments in olden tropic seas while sitting in a Brixton attic. He meant to go on with it. His soul tingled with the glamour of that dream—only he knew it wasn't a dream. He knew it was something real. Real and actual and tangible—though of course it was unreal too. But he felt that, strange and unexplainable though it was, he had been in it—of it.

And he wanted with all his heart to be in it again. To see its colours, to feel its heat, to smell the strange exotic smell, and to recall the girl . . . always, always, he wanted with his heart's passion to recall that girl. So, when the landlady went downstairs again, he did not go to bed, but sat in an easy chair and strove to go on—to go on . . .

And he could not. He tried. He tried in every way possible, by pose of body, by attitude of mind, but he could not go back. He woke at dawn, stale from sleep in his armchair, and he had failed. And all that day he was thinking, thinking how could he get back . . . back out of London . . . Brixton to that tropic place. To that strange, glamorous atmosphere where the heat was steamy, where strange scents of deep jungles came to him, where wild and barbaric men had their being, and dark and violent deeds were done . . . where the girl was—where the girl was . . .

All day he was dreaming of it, possessed by that strange and passionate desire, and the head clerk said to him 'Here, Traxon, what's up with you? Moonin' about . . . messing things 'orrid.' And in the evening, when he wanted to rush home, and try and try again, there was Chloe waiting for him outside the office, keeping an appointment he had forgotten. . . . A miserable evening they spent, Chloe fretful and pouting at his silence, and asking 'What's made you so sulky, eh? What 'aven't I done wrong *now*?'

Then another night in the easy chair, trying, trying to get

back . . . and failing—nothing but the pinched decency of his Brixton about him always. Another day of moonin' at the office until he was told that he was 'asking fer trouble,' and that 'if he didn't pull up his socks . . . ' something drastic would happen to him.

Home, and again the effort. He should have sat down and tried to work at his shorthand. But he couldn't . . . he couldn't . . . He wanted that tropic land, and Hal, and the wild men, and the little shining town with the mud walls . . . and the girl, that magnificent girl . . . He changed from chair to chair, from chair to bed in his hopelessness. . . .

Only on the next evening did he suddenly understand that the only chair he had not sat on during his vain quest was the chair at the desk. . . . And it had been at the desk, always at the desk when . . .

'Gaw . . . it *was* the desk,' he almost shouted. He glared at it, that plain, rough-made thing, of heavy wood, old and dark. He stared, and saw that its darkness was the darkness of dirt and time and not of staining, and as he stared he plunged forward into the chair, sat down heavily, his arms firm-planted on the wooden top. . . .

And the lilt of a ship at anchor was about him. . . .

He knew that great things had been happening. The *Bon Adventure* was curiously quiet, no stampings, no deck noises. He could think steadily. And it was as though he had need to do this. He was there to take stock . . . to sum up . . . He was busy recalling all the things that had led up to a certain night of horror—horror and decision. . . .

Hal, the master's mate, had always been at him. Ever since that first interview with the girl Hal had been discontented, suspicious, goading. Hal had said he was soft. That a woman was twisting him round her finger . . . that the accursed gentleman in him was coming out. And he had parried all Hal's attacks and suggestions. He had said that this thing was best not done in a hurry, they must go carefully, take time . . . but for what, he did not know. It was just an excuse with nothing behind it, something to keep Hal and the men, who were beginning to murmur, quiet, while he—the thought of the girl. Isabella, how well the name suited her?

Hal pressed. Hal wanted to sack the place now and done with. He said that the girl was cunning, she was bluffing him,

she had bewitched him. Hal, who did not understand their talks in French, thought that she was putting him off with smooth sayings, entangling him in words and promises. Hal thought she was parleying, and thought there was some deep game behind it all. . . .

And of course it wasn't that at all. She just talked with him. She just told him of the good they—that meant she—had done in this district, and asked him to leave them alone so that more good could be done. She appealed to his pity, and asked for peace. . . . And Hal imagined that cunning and subtle diplomacy was going forward. . . .

Perhaps it was. . . . It was bringing that softness uppermost in him. He was remembering his life, how he had been forced into violence, and how he had hated it until he became hardened. All the fierce deeds he had done, ships boarded and sunk, towns shot into and sacked . . . deeds of blood, deeds of terror, he began to feel a disgust and hatred for them . . . and a great weariness. Why should he go on like this? Was a man's life all slaughter and violence? Wasn't there rest and peace and kindness and—and woman? Yes, she was calling all that out of him. In their meetings, as she stood beside her father, as they paced the *patio* alone, talking, talking, she called all those things out of him with her beauty and her nobility. That fine high and gentle candour of hers seemed to quicken to life things which he had thought to be dead these many years.

And so he dallied, doing nothing, committed to nothing, caring nothing, only that he might look into her eyes, see the splendid beauty of her face—aye, and towards the end, see that *something* that came into it when he looked intently at her . . . that *something* that thrilled him. And the men growled and looked sour, and Hal protested and saw something, something deep and subtle behind all this palavering, and sought for the reason.

Then, as he thought, he remembered how the thing had come to a head. First the way she had told him to go. The sudden breaking down of her splendid calmness, the light in her face, the pain in her eyes as she turned in that final 'Go away . . . go away. . . . I will not, I must not see you again.' Dazed and startled he had cried:

'Why—why—you are not afraid of me?'

'Of you,' she had cried back. 'Of you, no it is not of *you* I am afraid.' And her long slim hand had gone up clutching at

the bosom of her dress. And with a wild look at him, she had turned and run from him. And he had gone back to the ship desperate, knowing that she would not see him again of her own free will—never again of her own doing. And that was because she wanted to so much.

Then Hal had come to him with his discovery. He had found out all about the reason for this bluffing. Yes, bluffing. A wily seaman had got round one of the girl's captains. Yes, the fellow had talked. And what did Master Jermine think was the reason of it all? Bluff, yes, he said that again. They were striving to keep the Admiral and the company of the *Bon Adventure* peaceful because they could not fight them. That was a fact. Their men were away. They had gone up the river in canoes, all the fighting men, on some expedition. The town was empty of defence. It was completely at their mercy if they drew swords—that was why the girl had plotted to keep them peaceful. Oh, it was a fact. Hadn't good master Jermine noted how empty the streets were of men. . . . Of course that *might* be because they wished to hide their strength. But it was more likely because what the San Ramon captain said was true, there was no strength to hide.

Then Hal had suggested his plan. Two-thirds of the *Bon Adventure's* company would go into the town. They would go in as though on peace, as usual. At a given signal, they would take to arms . . . and in ten minutes it would all be over. No defender, no fighting. He would arrange with the traitor Captain to let them into the fortifications. There would be no fighting. San Ramon and all in it would fall into their hands like a ripe plum.

And he—or Jermine—had agreed. There would be no fighting, no more bloodshed. And the town would be his, and all in the town. The town and—the girl who would not see him again of her own will would be his . . . his. . . . Yes, the plan would be carried out: . . .

He stirred on his desk as he remembered how the plan had been carried out. Two-thirds of the ship's company had drifted into the town, casually in twos and threes. But their drifting had been a matter of plan. By the time they were all there, they were in each of the main avenues, commanding them. Not that that mattered; there seemed no men. Women, yes, walking with the shyness of women of that race, some of them flirting among the seamen, too, but that did not matter . . . no men . . . until the signal was given.

Then, when the signal was given, when the seamen began to draw their arms laughing at their easy conquest, no men—apparently. Only the women scuttling about, apparently in fright. . . . Scuttling about—one did not realise what that meant until the women, hundreds of women were into and about the seamen, and striking them down with lusty blows, rolling them over and over in terrible fights that showed the soldiers' boots under the fluttering skirts. . . . Women, they were not women, but soldiers disguised, and they overwhelmed the seamen in ten minutes.

He himself had been overwhelmed by these masquerading fighting men. Standing by the Governor's house, ready to spring into it—and to the girl—this wave of steel-brandishing skirts had swept down on his party—Hal had gone down and two other men. A great wench who showed whiskers had cut at him, he had parried and with a twist run the man through. A glancing blow from some weapon struck his helmet, sent him reeling and enraged against the wall of the house. A skirt flung itself upon him, an arm strong as no woman's had pinned him across the throat, and he saw a hand flash up with a poniard. He had tricked the fellow, dropped, not fought him off, and as he dropped he lunged upward and the skirted fellow fell twisting away. Another was at him. A swinging club knocked his helm off, and himself sideways. It swung again, and his rapier went up and parried, and the wood snapped the blade off short. Again the club swung. He flung the broken hilt into his opponent's face, and turned and ran . . . his men were down and struggling in defeat all about him. . . .

He was into the house—how he remembered the wildness of that rush, and how cool it struck after the dust and turmoil of the street!—and he darted along the marble of the *patio* . . . the skirted men came after him, full cry. Then he saw her standing by her door, slim, upright, clad in a white garment. And the rage of death and despair was on him. He sprang at her, caught her, caught her in his arms, forced her back into her chamber . . . and his free hand plucked at his dagger, and he lifted it, and put the point against her throat, just where it swept down into the softness of her body. He cried hoarsely: 'Death is in the air—well, we will all go down in this killing. . . .' He meant to drive the dagger home—and didn't. He stayed holding her, looking down into her eyes, and she was smiling at him . . . smiling at him,

and he knew why she smiled. So they had stood for a full minute. Then he dropped his dagger, and put his other arm round her—and they had kissed—kissed.

And that was the end of it. She had driven off the men hungry for his life. She had sent out her messengers and stopped the killing of his men. . . . Yes, they would have been killed but for her, for she had them at her mercy. It was her stratagem that had led them into this apparently empty town which was, actually, crowded with fighters. The woman in her had devised the expedient of skirts. It was not treachery, she said, she had but prepared ahead for any treachery his company should show . . . she must protect her town and her peace. A good stratagem, for while the seamen were ashore the teeth of the *Bon Adventure* were drawn, she could not fire without hurt to her own men.

That was the end of it, she had won. Twenty men of his company had been slain, all but a third were her prisoners. She had won, and yet she let them go. She did not wish to keep them captives. She took their arms and sent them back to the ship and bade them go in peace.

He was thinking of that as he sat at his desk—for the last time. He heard again the stamping of feet on the metal-bound stairs. The master's mate, Hal, bearded and swarthy, was before him. His head was bound, this time in a bloody rag, his arm was in a sling. He was both glum and elated. He said :

'Master Jermine, the boat is at the side.'

He stretched out his hand to Hal across the desk. He said :

'Good luck to you, Hal, may this ship that is now all yours bring good fortune, and may you show mercy always on her.'

'I can't understand how you are giving it all up, giving it all to me and the company.'

'It is all yours even to this desk.' Traxon's hands tapped the desk.

'Aye, I understand, I understand—but to give it all up. To leave the sea for good.'

'She wanted a hostage, Hal. I go to her as a hostage.'

'A pretty hostage,' said Hal staring at him. 'Aye, and a mighty willing one . . . but you were always soft, the gentleman in you would out. . . . And that is what a wench grips hold on. Well, she's waiting on you, I guess, not thinking so much about this hostage talk, just waiting. . . .'

'Yes, she's waiting.' Traxon stood up, he glanced round the

wooden walls of the cabin. 'Good-bye *Bon Adventure*. . . . Good-bye. . . . Lead on Hal, I will go to the boat now and—and' . . . It was his mind that said 'Isabella.'

Traxon took a stride away from the desk, lifted the hand that had rested on the desk. . . . And found himself facing the chalet clock. Found himself facing his Brixton mantelpiece with his Brixton room all about him. Confused he stared about, but half-recovered from his strange dream . . . only it hadn't been a dream. He stared round at Brixton—torn, sorry, bereft. He looked down at the desk.

'It was the desk. I swear it was the desk . . . an' I suppose it's all done now—now that I—I mean Jermine—has gone back to her.'

It was all over, and yet perhaps it wasn't. There were no more dreams, no more poignant returns to the colour, the violence, the smells, the heat of those Southern Seas. Nothing more, no more thrills. Yet something had been born in him.

Something that came out in a conversation with Chloe a few weeks later. Chloe had said petulantly :

'What's come over you ? You've bin keeping away lately. Haven't seen you at all . . . and when I do you're that dreamy . . . What's come over you ?'

'Got the sack, Chloe,' he answered. 'I mooned too much at the office.' His tone was quite cheerful.

'Got the sack, oh, help ! An' now what do you think you're goin' to do with yourself ? How're you going to keep yourself ?'

'Oh, I've got another job. I'm going on a ship. I'm going to be ship's clerk on a ship that goes to—to South America.'

'Well, of all the assy jobs. . . . Well, what about me ?'

Traxon only smiled, and said : 'Heaps of other fellers about.'

'Believe you've got another girl.'

Traxon wondered. . . . Were there any women like Isabella in those tropic places now ? He hoped so . . . he hoped so . . .

Chloe looked at him strangely, and, being a Londoner, took it calmly.

'Well, if you ain't the queerest one,' she said. 'Losing a good job, and going away on the water—you who don't know a barge from a penny steamboat. You *are* a queer one.'

Traxon only laughed, laughed queerly in delight at the prospect.

He did not explain things, even to himself. He just did them, which was as well. There was probably no explanation at all,

no explanation that he or anyone could fit in. The strange, unnatural and splendid thing had just happened, and that was all. There was no reasoning about it, and no clue.

He had tried, once only, to find a clue. He had asked the second-hand dealer he had bought the desk from if he knew anything concerning it.

'What's wrong with it? It's old, o' course, very old, but it's a good desk. A strong, good desk, made o' teak, I should say. Oh, you ain't complaining, just want to find out? Well, there ain't nothing I can do fer you. It was just sold me by a seafaring man. He had bought it as a curiosity, as it looked as though it had been made by a seaman, in a junk shop somewhere in the warm seas. . . . The West Indies, I think it were. Anyhow it was all honest and good, an' well worth the money you paid. . . .'

That was all that could be said about the desk. That was all Traxon could find out about it . . . that and the dreams of tropic days it had given him.

TEMPERANCE MADE EASY.

A COMMONSENSE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

By EDITH SELLERS.

‘Yes, you are right: there has certainly been a wonderful change since you were here twelve years ago,’ a Finlander informed me, when I was last in Helsingfors. ‘Why, at that time drunkenness was rife throughout the country; and now, as you say, one never sees a drunken man. And that is our Crusaders’ doing! Yes, Crusaders is just what you in England would call them; and a very good name for them too. They are the people who have brought about the change, and without any help from our legislators, mark you: our Liquor Laws are practically the same to-day as they were twelve years ago. Even then the retail selling of spirit was strictly prohibited in rural communes, and the Gothenburg system was in force in towns.’

‘How was it, then, there were so many drunken men about?’ I inquired.

‘If men are bent on getting drunk, get drunk they will,’ the Finlander retorted testily. ‘Systems and prohibitions will never keep them sober.’

‘But now they are sober, so far as I can see.’

‘Certainly, as a whole, they are sober now; but that is only because they do not wish to be drunk. Twelve years ago they most of them wished to be drunk: now they wish to be sober. That is the real change the Crusaders have brought about; and a wonderful change it is.’

‘But how did they bring it about?—that is what I am trying to discover.’

‘By working hard on commonsense lines,’ he replied promptly and emphatically.

He spoke a language of his own, an odd mixture of Finnish, Swedish, German, and French; none the less he always contrived, by hook or crook, to make those to whom he spoke understand the drift of what he was saying.

‘Our Crusaders, unlike most Crusaders, have common sense, you see,’ he continued. ‘There are enthusiasts among them, of course, root and branch fanatics; still, for the most part they are practical men and women; and from the first they realised

that, if our people were to be turned into a sober people, it would be neither by preaching nor yet by legislation. Here, at any rate, it was not those who had good dinners every day who drank to excess; nor yet those who lived in comfort, under healthy conditions, and had their fair share of pleasures. It was for the most part the underfed, the badly fed, who drank, they whose lives were lacking in all that makes lives worth living. That the Crusaders knew, of course; they knew that most drunkards are not born but made. The first thing to be done, therefore, they decided, was to put a stop to the making of them; for, hard as that might be, it would not be so hard, they were sure, as unmaking them when once they were made. And even the unmaking must be done, they held. While framing plans for securing those who had no taste for alcohol against acquiring it, they framed plans also for rescuing from its thrall those who had already a craving for it. And every plan—a strong proof of the framers' common sense—was founded on a recognition of the fact that the hungry cannot fairly be expected to refuse drink if the chance of it comes in their way; nor those who are without comfort or hope to remain sober, if they have the chance of getting drunk. It would be useless, they maintained, to ask men—and there were many such—for whom brännvin drinking is the one source of comfort or pleasure to renounce it, unless other such sources could be provided for them. They set to work, therefore, with might and main to bring good food within the reach of even the poorest of wage-earners; and, with the food, wholesome recreations, something in the way of comfort. They never rested until there were in every school cookery and housewifery classes, and women and girls were fired with the ambition to become thrifty housewives and skilful cooks; never rested either, until there were Recreation Halls even in little villages.

He paused for a moment, as if in doubt as to how he could best make his meaning clear.

'Now, I do not say that it is these classes and halls that have brought about the change you notice,' he continued; 'but I do say that without them it would never have been brought about.' Still, all the time the building and organising was going on, a good deal of propaganda work was undoubtedly being done by the school teachers. They were and are all fervent Crusaders. A good deal was being done also by Crusaders of another sort, men and women of all ranks and callings who went about among the people, talking

with them, giving addresses, conducting debates. The temperance movement here was from the first essentially a patriotic movement, you must not forget. When it was started Finland was in a terrible state; for Bobrikoff was ruling over us, and he was bent on turning us all into Russians. And these itinerant Crusaders were all staunch patriots, keen politicians, too, fighting against Russification while fighting for temperance. For them, indeed, temperance was a weapon wherewith to fight against Russification. The drift of their teaching was that we, as a nation, were not only ruining ourselves body and soul by brännvin drinking, but we were bringing disaster on Finland, playing into the hands of our enemies, giving them an excuse for robbing us of our country, for saying that we were too demoralised to be a nation. Inebriety in a Finn was high treason, they declared; and they called upon every Finn to renounce brännvin for Finland's sake. And you see the result. For years now the consumption of alcohol, per head of the population, has been lower here than in any other country in Europe.

'Now how far this is due to the appeals of the Crusaders, and how far to the good food and recreations they have secured for all classes it would be hard to say,' he added, after another long pause. 'A very fair share of it, I hold, is due to the work done in the schools; for what the children learn there they take home to their mothers and fathers. You must see our schools, see our teachers at work. Our class-rooms will surprise you.'

They certainly did. Never before had I seen such class-rooms as those in the very first Finnish school I visited. Every room had its walls tinted with some beautiful colour; every window had curtains that harmonised to a nicety with the walls. There were pictures here and there, great sprays of leaves crimson and gold mingled with long dark fir-tree branches. Everything was as dainty as in a lady's boudoir, everything as bright and cheery. There was quite an air of luxury, indeed, about the whole place. Yet it was what we should call a County Council School, in a very poor district too. The teacher looked at me in wonder when I told her how grim and ugly our London schools were compared with hers.

'In London it does not matter, perhaps; but here we must have brightness and colour in our schools,' she replied. 'We must make them gay and attractive, or the children would suffer. They would lose heart, become listless, and depressed. Our long dark winters, with all the snow about, are terribly trying for the

young ; especially as they see and hear so much that is sad. It does them good to have pretty things around them, besides giving them pleasure. They have improved marvellously since we have brightened up our schools.'

The children looked remarkably alert and intelligent ; very happy, too.

'But what do the ratepayers say ?' I inquired. 'The brightening up must have cost them a good deal of money.'

'It has never cost them a penny,' she exclaimed, with a triumphant laugh. 'It is just as expensive to tint walls with an ugly drab as with a beautiful colour ; while as for the curtains, plants, and such things, we teachers see to them. And they cost us very little indeed, in money at any rate. Besides, we must do our best for the children. Everything depends on them, you see.'

The brightening up was part of the Temperance Crusade, I found ; just as much a part of it as the hygiene lesson which was on the school plan for the morning. Now that lesson was, although only incidentally, a demonstration of the evils intemperance entails. Yet so tactfully did the teacher do her work, that even the most susceptible of habituels, had he been there, would have heard nothing that could have hurt his feelings. For she taught that inebriety was just as much a disease as measles, one easily caught and difficult to get rid of. She had pictures at hand to show how brännvin works havoc with bodies and minds alike, robbing them of health and strength. And health and strength are precious gifts, she impressed upon her pupils : without them it is hard to find pleasure or do good work, hard to be of service to Finland. For Finland's sake, as well as their own, they must do what they could to grow up to be strong men and women, she told them ; told them, too, what they could do, why they must not only shun brännvin and unwholesome food, but must keep themselves clean, run and jump in the open air, and, above all, go to bed early.

All the Finnish teachers I came across were sure that these hygiene lessons were doing good work for the temperance cause, as they inspired the young with a wholesome desire to be strong, and made them understand, and through them their mothers and fathers, perhaps, that they could not be strong unless they were temperate. These teachers also maintained, however, that the cookery and housewifery classes were doing much better service still, as they enabled women and girls to provide their menfolk—themselves also—with nutritive, appetising food, and make their

homes comfortable, thus securing them in a great measure against the temptation to be intemperate. According to some of the teachers, indeed, many Finns would never have had the strength of mind to give up drinking *brännvin*, had not their mothers, wives, and daughters combined to give them in its stead food they could eat with pleasure as well as with profit.

It is not every girl, of course, who can be made a *cordon bleu*; but evidently, if enough trouble be taken, every girl can be made a good cook, one able to turn out wholesome, appetising meals. For in Finland even the average working-class girl is already a good plain cook when she leaves school; while every girl is able to concoct a decent meal, providing she has the wherewithal to do so. But then, during the last three years she is at school, she spends more time in a week learning how to cook than a working-class English girl spends in a year. And she spends it gladly, heart and soul in her work; for, thanks to the Crusaders, both she and her mother are alive to the fact that, unless she is a good cook, she will be counted a failure, and looked on askance by wife-seekers.

I went about from school to school in Finland, from class to class, and watched girls, little girls some of them, working as cooks, preparing breakfasts, dinners, and suppers of the sort dear to the hearts of their fathers and brothers. I saw them make porridges and soups, puddings, tarts, and cakes; saw them dress vegetables, fry, boil, or steam sprats, herrings, etc., and turn scrag ends of meat into dainty savouries. And I ate of the dishes they made; and very good they were as a rule, wholesome, nutritive, pleasant to the taste, seasoned and cooked to a nicety. I have known 'professed cooks' in England turn out dishes not half so good, and at ten times the cost. For these Finnish dinners were as cheap as they were good. In the average school the cost of the dinners the pupils were taught to make was never much above a penny per head of the diners. I watched the making of a dinner for six persons which, apart from the firing, cost exactly sixpence. It consisted of soup à la Julienne, fish with sauce piquante, and fried potatoes. There was enough of everything for six persons, as much, indeed, as the average six persons would care to eat.

That was in pre-war days, of course, days when food was cheap, and when the cookery classes had already been at work some ten years. And these classes were organised for the express purpose of teaching all who went there not only how to cook, but how to cook thriftily, and how to cater; of training them in the art

of obtaining the best possible value for every halfpenny they had to spend, in the art of making a halfpenny do the work of a penny, in fact. Finnish workers were badly paid in those days ; thus, if they were to be decently fed, their wives must be thrifty. And the teachers had from the first thrown themselves with zest into the task of making their pupils thrifty, and through them their mothers. They took them turn by turn on catering expeditions. They sometimes sent the elder girls out alone to do the catering, and woe be to the girl who did it badly. The whole class sat in judgment on her. That food depends for its value on the way it is cooked much more than on its ingredients, and that a really good cook can turn what seems but worthless stuff into an excellent dinner, were facts on which they were never weary of insisting. In the school classes every dinner made was within the means of the average worker, while most of the dinners were such as even the poorly paid could afford.

The younger girls worked under close surveillance, with a teacher always within hail to tell them what to do and how to do it. The actual doing, however, even they had to do themselves. They were not allowed to stand about with folded hands, looking on while the teacher did it, as girls so often do in English cookery classes. The elder girls also had someone within hail to whom they could appeal for advice. Still, they were encouraged to devise their own methods of working, and especially to devise for themselves means of overcoming chance difficulties, when they arose, the teacher contenting herself with laying down general rules to which their methods must conform, and criticising the results obtained. Every dish a girl made was carefully weighed in the balance ; and unless it was good, the whole class sang over it a Tekel !

Then there are men with whom a comfortable home makes for temperance almost as much as a good dinner. The Crusaders had therefore seen to it that housewifery was taught as thoroughly and carefully as cooking, and in the same practical, commonsense fashion. In most of the schools some rooms are arranged as kitchens, such as are to be found in working-class dwellings ; and the girls are divided into families, each family, i.e. four girls, having a kitchen of its own in which to work. All the girls in turn must sweep flues, blacken grates, make fires, scrub floors, clean windows, and polish up door handles ; must do everything, in fact, that has to be done if a house is to be kept neat and com-

fortable. They must do it, too—an all-important point—not with the help of elaborate machines, patent sweepers, vacuum dust removers, but just as they would do it in their own homes. The teacher tells them the best way to do it, and sees that they do it in the best way ; but she does not do it for them. The rule is : whatever has to be done the girls must do, she watching them the while to secure them against blunders.

Laundry work, sewing, mending, clothes-making are all taught in the same way ; and not, as in England, for forty minutes, perhaps, once a month, but for several hours every week. In one school I found that every girl, during the last year she was there, spent ten hours a week cooking, ten hours doing housework and washing, ten hours more sewing, mending, dressmaking, etc., and twelve hours with her books. The result was, when she left she was not only a good cook, but a skilled housekeeper and seamstress. She knew nothing of the 'ologies, it is true, nor yet of French, nor the violin ; but she could feed her family well at the least possible cost, for she knew what to buy, how to cook it, and how to avoid waste. She could keep her home tidy and clean, bright and cheery, too, for she knew how to do, with the least possible labour, all kinds of housework. And she could make and mend her own clothes, trim her own hats, could therefore dress herself respectably and prettily at a tithe of what it would have cost her had she had, as most English girls of her class, to buy ready-made clothes, or employ a dressmaker. Thus she started life well equipped for the work she would have to do, able to obtain good value for what money she had to spend, and make the best of everything for herself, for her husband and children, too, when she married.

Being able to make the best of things is a precious asset for a woman, especially a working-class woman : it spells more often than not happiness, instead of misery, for herself and those dependent on her, sobriety instead of intemperance. Even if they had done nothing beyond stirring up women and girls to fit themselves for their work in life, and providing them with the means for the fitting, the Crusaders would have done yeoman's service for temperance. They did, however, do something beyond—something that was also yeoman's service.

Now, even a good home, combined with a good dinner, is not in itself enough to secure everyone against the alcohol temptation. There are folk who must have society, pleasure, just as

there are folk who must have peace around them, freedom from disturbance, as otherwise they cannot even read. For the nervous and irritable to spend an evening shut up with noisy children would be torture, even though the children were their own. The average man, indeed, must have somewhere he can go when his day's work is done, some refuge from dullness and home worries; for, unless there be some other place, the chances are he will go to the brännvin shop, which is always to be found, let the law decree what it may. This the Crusaders, being very human as well as very sensible, knew, of course: they were fully alive to the fact that places where men could spend their evenings, enjoying themselves in their own way, free from all temptation to drink, would have to be provided, if temperance were ever to be the order of the day. They therefore, even in the early days of their crusade, were at work urging Local Authorities, in villages as well as in towns, to provide the money with which to organise and maintain *Nuorisseuras*, stirring up the whole population the while to join with the authorities in doing the necessary work.

These *Nuorisseuras*, or recreation houses, are most interesting institutions, and they are as useful as they are interesting. Their very *raison d'être* is to further temperance by rendering it easy; and they are undoubtedly the means of keeping many sober who would otherwise drift into drunkenness. In large towns a recreation house is often a fine building, erected and maintained at considerable cost; while in small places and villages—and it is there, perhaps, they do their best work—they are as a rule simple little places that have never cost anyone more than a few pounds. There are quite charming houses, indeed, the initial expenses of which were covered by a few shillings. For a large cottage, or better still a barn, can be turned into a House, providing there is someone at hand able and willing to take the lead in doing the turning, and keeping the authorities up to the mark in granting the money. And everywhere in Finland there must have been such a someone—ready helpers, too, for the someone; for already when I was last there almost every village had its House, while some towns had two—one provided by the authorities, the other by local Socialists.

The Recreation House is always the social centre of the commune to which it belongs, the place where the whole community feel they have the right to be. In towns it is managed by a committee of the Communal Council, and in villages too in theory,

although there practically everyone has a voice in deciding how it is managed. For there everyone is expected to work for it, and everyone who can does work for it gladly. Some do brick-laying, plastering, painting, or paperhanging; others do sewing, washing, cleaning; others again gather flowers, collect newspapers, books, etc., or pick up wood for its fires. For all the villagers take a personal pride in it, and combine in trying to make it attractive. And no matter how poor they may be, make it attractive they do; even though they may have nothing where-with to do so beyond a few pots of paint, a few yards of gaily coloured stuff. For the Finns as a race are born decorators; they seem to know by instinct how to combine colours, drape materials, and arrange worthless odds and ends into things pretty.

In a Recreation House there are, as a rule, three rooms at least: a reading-room, where silence reigns; a room for games; and a hall large enough to hold a seat for every adult member of the community and something in the way of a platform or stage. Attached to some of the Houses is a piece of land that is used as a gymnasium. In every house the rooms are well warmed and lighted in winter, for wood is plentiful in Finland, and even in villages electricity is cheap. In towns there is a regular caretaker to see to the firing, etc.; but in villages it is generally done gratis, by volunteers who do it in turn.

The hall is the most important feature of a House; the sociable betake themselves there instinctively as ducks to water; for there they are sure to find someone to talk or listen to every night, and one night a week something of interest to see or to hear. For there entertainments are given, lectures, discussions, debates are held. The most amusing and instructive debate I ever heard, indeed, was at a *Nuorisseura*. Then, just from time to time, there is a concert, a dance, or, better than either, a play. In no form of pleasure do Finnish workers revel so intensely as in play-acting; and no other workers that I know act so well. And not only do they act, but they stage-manage, paint scenery, design and make costumes; and they do it all with keen delight. The production of a play is enough to keep a whole rural commune alive for months; and when folk are alive, have something to interest them, something pleasant to think about and work for, it is fairly easy for them to be sober.

Now the Finns as a nation were undoubtedly sober when I was last among them, quite wonderfully sober, indeed, compared

with how they had been twelve years before. And, so far as I could judge, and not only I but many others much better able to judge than I, they were sober because they were to a certain extent immune against the temptation to drink, because, in fact, sobriety had been made easy for them. Good, well-cooked food was within the reach of the average working man, a fair amount of comfort, too; and he had somewhere where he could go when his day's work was done, somewhere where he was stirred up to think and to do, while finding amusement and pleasure. The course of his life was quite different from what it had been in his old drunken days, when his rations had been scant and bad, and he had had to depend on *brännvin* for all the comfort he had. His whole lot had been bettered, in fact, during the previous twelve years; and the result of the bettering was that, whereas he had been drunken, he was sober.

It was before the war, however, when I was last in Finland; and since then the Finns have passed through many sore trials, much terrible suffering. Again and again they have been face to face with starvation, again and again have been subject to ruthless persecution. The Bolsheviks on the one side, the Teutons on the other, have assailed them with cunningly devised temptations, have sought with almost fiendish cunning to demoralise them. Thus, even if there be backsliding among them now, even if some few of them have been driven to seek relief from their misery in alcohol, it would hardly be a case for the casting of stones. As a point of fact, however, for twenty years and more after the Crusaders were at work, there were no signs of backsliding. During all those years the Finns were an eminently sober nation, the soberest nation in Europe. Nay more, they are still the soberest so far as the consumption of alcohol per head of the population goes. Still, there has of late been an increase of drunkenness among them, an increase that began, curiously enough, as soon as there was total prohibition in the land. So at least I am told by Finns who can speak on the subject with authority, and who have statistics at hand in support of their contention. In June 1919 there were 29 convictions for drunkenness in the Abo district. Then the Total Prohibition Law came into force, whereupon the convictions promptly increased in number; and in June 1920 they amounted to 216. According to my Finnish informants, the reason of this is that they who, in pre-prohibition days, used to buy a small quantity of *brännvin* of good quality—a small quantity

could always be bought, the 55 Gallons Law notwithstanding—now that they cannot buy it, manufacture it secretly for themselves, in larger quantities of inferior quality, poisonous stuff in fact.

Whether in this my informants are right or wrong, it is not for me to decide, I am glad to say; nor is the point one of any great interest for us as a nation. For us, surely, the point of interest is that a people notorious for their drunkenness became a sober people, when sobriety was made easy for the great mass of them by good food being brought within their reach, and their lives being bettered, being made worth living. And it was men and women of no importance for the most part who did the bettering, it must be noted, men and women whom love of their country, love of their kind, moved to do it; who did it by hard work, planning, contriving, the taking of thought, and without any great spending of money, any appealing to law-makers for help. Thus what was done in Finland might be done here in England; and much more easily here than there; for wages are much higher here than there, and we have no Bobrikoff to harry us round from pillar to post. And not only might it be done, but it sorely needs doing; for, although the state of things here is far from being as it was in Finland in her unregenerate days, intemperance of every sort is undoubtedly on the increase among us. And it is on the increase in a very great measure, it seems to me, because the average worker is badly fed, in spite of all the money he—or she—spends on food; and he lives under conditions that make temperance not easy but very hard indeed.

The average working man's wife here in England is neither a good cook nor yet a good manager; she has never been taught, indeed, to be either. She 'swatters' away her husband's money on providing him with food he cannot digest, and a dwelling in which he finds neither comfort nor pleasure; in which there is a crying baby, perhaps, or a brood of uproarious children. If it is in a village or small town, the chances are many to one there is nowhere where he can go to escape from this dwelling excepting a public-house, where, if he goes, he must drink; and, being badly fed, his natural impulse is to drink to excess.

Now year by year this state of things is becoming worse and worse; for year by year more and more girls start life knowing nothing of cooking or housewifery; and that spells ruin for their husbands and children if they marry, ruin for themselves whether they marry or not. They can neither prepare their own dinners,

make their own clothes, nor do their own housework decently. For at school they do not learn that sort of thing, being too busy learning things more ornamental. Nor do they learn it at home, even if their mother could teach them; for, as a rule, they go straight from school to factories, shops, or offices. The result is, when they cease to live at home, and girls nowadays have a craving for diggings of their own, they must buy their clothes at a reach-me-down shop, and go to a restaurant for their dinners. Now restaurant food is none too wholesome, and reach-me-downs wear badly, while both are very dear. Even now, well paid though she be, the average working girl has not enough money for nutritive dinners and pretty clothes. She has to choose between the two; and—well, she chooses the clothes.

In London, as in every other large town nowadays, one meets at every turn well-dressed girls who are manifestly underfed. They show it in their faces, by their nervous irritability, by the very ring of their voices when they speak. Why, in every train that leaves Victoria between 5 P.M. and 7, there are women and girls by the legion who look as if they did not know what it was to have a good square meal. And all because they have never been taught how to cook. For they have money enough now wherewith to buy what could be turned into three good square meals for every day, if they but knew how to do the turning. And for such women and girls drink, even a noggin, is a great temptation, it makes life seem so much brighter.

If the Powers-that-Be would see to it that every girl was made a good plain cook before she was allowed to leave a County Council School, they would do more towards furthering the temperance cause than by any amount of law-making. And not only the temperance cause, but many other good causes; for the hungry are subject to many temptations besides the temptation to drink. I have never yet come across a well-fed woman, girl, or boy who was at heart a Bolshevik.

SCIENCE AND SPITZBERGEN.

SPITSBERGEN has had a curious and indeed an eventful history for a land so remote and so northerly. Few people realise how near to the Pole it lies. It stretches up almost into the eighties of north latitude. The Yukon, which we are accustomed to think of as verging on the limit of habitability for white men, is almost fifteen degrees to the south. In spite of this, Spitsbergen has been commercially important almost since the time of its discovery in the sixteenth century. During the seventeenth century it was the centre of the biggest whaling industry of the period, an industry which led to repeated quarrels between Dutch and English. Later the industry killed itself—a result, alas! not uncommon when industries depend upon the products of nature. Instead of taking any thought as to the future of the great herds of whales flocking to breed in these deserted bays of an unknown land, the whalers killed, and killed indiscriminately. It was not long before the whales ceased to come into the bays, and the whaling industry had to take to the open sea.

Later the country became the resort of trappers and hunters. But again the story of exploitation instead of conservation was repeated, and the whole of the western and more accessible side of the country is by now largely denuded of skin-bearing animals.

All the while, however, the greatest wealth of the country had lain unheeded beneath the feet of the earlier prospectors. Coal was not mined in Spitsbergen until the twentieth century.

It is a curious parallel that the earliest discoverers, the Dutch in 1596, while noting the abundance of wild-fowl, altogether failed to see, or at least to record, the hosts of whales. It was Henry Hudson, in 1607, who first brought back the reports of whales, seals, and walrus that sent fleets of ships sailing north to Spitsbergen.

Although the actual discovery of coal was made very early by an English walrus hunter in 1610, the first idea of utilising this discovery was not broached until early in the nineteenth century. But the coal was destined to sleep on undisturbed till 1904, since when ever greater activity has been displayed in exploiting the mines of Spitsbergen.

The realisation that coal not only existed in Spitsbergen but

could be easily mined and transported, has turned the island from an almost unknown polar country—a mere name remembered out of the geography books of one's youth—into a land of international importance.

From the first, disputes had raged as to its ownership. Dutch and British had hoisted flags and fought there. Denmark, taking advantage of the early belief that Spitsbergen was a part of Greenland (a belief that survived in the application of the name 'Greenland fishery' to the whaling trade down to recent times), claimed it as her own. So the remote deeds of the Vikings in the Middle Ages slumbered on to be roused into reality again by an error of geography! Most of the trappers were Russians, and Russia, while apparently never making a definite claim to sovereignty, refused to acquiesce in the desire of Norway and Sweden, in 1871, to make Spitsbergen a protectorate.

With the establishment of mining camps and the staking-out of claims on the island, the question of ownership became urgent; and the matter was taken up at the Peace Conference. Spitsbergen is still nominally a No Man's Land; but the decision has been definitely taken to hand it over to the sovereignty of Norway.

The whole Spitsbergen question is thus very much to the fore, and the publication of a readable account of the island and its history is most opportune. Previous writings had been mostly in the nature of accounts of particular explorations, but Dr. Rudmose Brown's book¹ gives a straightforward account of the place and its past vicissitudes.

In the past, Spitsbergen has had its share in determining the course of civilisation, in a minor way, no doubt, but none the less definitely. Sir Martin Conway, whose many-sidedness qualifies him for establishing such unsuspected concatenations among phenomena, points out that the discovery of Spitsbergen had a marked effect upon the style of dress in seventeenth-century England. I cannot do better than give his own words:

'An interesting example of the reaction of invention or discovery upon one of the arts of life came recently under my observation, and is perhaps worth a brief digression to record. In the process of conducting, in the Public Record Office, researches into the history of Spitsbergen, and of the English and Dutch whaling industries on its coasts, I was struck by the numerous documents relating to soap that I kept encountering. On looking

¹ *Spitsbergen*. By R. N. Rudmose Brown, D.Sc., London, 1920.

more closely into the matter, it presently appeared that the chief use to which whale-oil was put was the manufacture of the better class of soap, such as was used in fine laundry-work, commoner old-fashioned soap being made out of rape-seed. When it is borne in mind that, before the beginning of the English whale-fishing on the Spitsbergen coasts about 1610, there was practically no whale-oil brought into England, the relative dearth of good soap in Tudor days may be deduced. Improved laundry-work followed the whale-fishing. Hence the relatively small ruffs that we see in Tudor portraits and the small amount of linen displayed. Jacobean portraits show more linen and lace. Portraits of the time of Charles I yet more. The beautiful costumes of the Cavaliers and their ladies owed their chief embellishment to the discovery of Spitsbergen.¹

It is not likely, however, that the present revival of Spitsbergen's importance will lead to any similar change in our ways of life. Coal is not a new discovery!

Meanwhile, a scientific expedition from the University of Oxford is being planned for this summer to Spitsbergen, and since the editor of the CORNHILL thought that some account of the place and of the problems which the expedition intends to undertake would interest his readers, and since, as one of the organisers of the expedition, I am naturally anxious to rouse all the interest and obtain all the support possible for the project (and such projects are none too easy to carry into execution in times like the present), I therefore gladly undertook to write something on the subject.

Life in that remote and chilly climate is still hard, in spite of many ameliorations in modern times. It had been suggested that the Oxford Expedition should undertake an investigation of the temperature of the coal-mines of the island to see whether the temperature increased with depth at the same rate as in better known parts of the world. Inquiries, however, revealed that this would not be of much use, since the ground is frozen hard all the year round up to a depth of a thousand feet, beyond which the horizontal adits of Spitsbergen mining operations do not go. There is no such thing as 'ca' canny' in Spitsbergen mines—it is too cold for that.

But much has been done to alleviate the hardships of existence in the Arctic. A regular service of mail-boats (even if these are

¹ Sir Martin Conway. *The Domain of Art*, London, 1901, p. 35.

hardly the type of vessel which the word 'mail-boat' calls up in most people's minds), and an all-the-year wireless station, serve to keep Spitsbergen in touch with the outer world; and this is the first and most important step in civilisation after the provision of adequate food and shelter.

In days before the war, tourist boats used to come up to Spitsbergen from England and from Germany, and there has been talk of trying to make the island a regular 'resort.' But the weather is so often bad, and the ice conditions so uncertain, that there would be great difficulties in the way of any such scheme. This is not to say that it might not succeed. The scenery on fine days would well repay long spells of fog and mist; the beauty and the strangeness of the Arctic would in themselves be enough to make the journey worth taking to many who, with adventure in their hearts, are tied to towns and money-making for the best part of each year.

Further, there are no bacteria in Spitsbergen. You cannot catch cold there, however chilled you may become. Doctors are already beginning to recommend the highlands of Scotland to consumptives; might not Spitsbergen be a still better sanatorium?

In a comparatively 'new' country like Spitsbergen, there are of course still any number of problems awaiting solution. There are, to start with, problems of pure geography. Large tracts of the interior, in the colder eastern section, are still uncharted and indeed untrodden. Out of the great uplands, covered with monotonous snow-fields, there project, beautiful and tantalising, the rocky peaks that gave the land its name. Scores of them are still unclimbed; and the mountaineer has a paradise before him. None of them are very high. Three to five thousand feet—that is how they run. But, as a glance at any photograph of the country will show, they are mountains in every sense of the word—finely sculptured, with individuality and grandeur of form, each one offering real problems to the climber.

Strangest of all, these ice-carved rocks and uninhabitable tracts of snow and glacier conceal the record of a past so different that it is hard to realise. Geological exploration, in revealing the existence of coal, revealed, too, the fact that in the remote times when the coal measures were laid down—towards the close of the Palaeozoic epoch—the climate was totally other than it is to-day. Forests—if not hot and steamy, at least unfrozen and luxuriant—must have covered the land. And the problem arises,

how is it possible for the climate to have changed so greatly within fifteen degrees of the Pole? Science is still silent on the question. It would perhaps be easiest to believe that the situation of the Pole had changed, but difficult to grasp how this could come about. Our knowledge of the past climatic conditions of the globe is being rapidly enlarged. We know that there has been not one but many glacial epochs, and we must presume that they have alternated with periods of heat and of moisture. These revolutions of climate have undoubtedly played a great part in the changes in the earth's animal population, and have, by making the struggle now more, now less, intense, contributed not a little to the march of evolution. For instance, the Vertebrates emerged from the water, as Amphibia, just about at the period of which we have been speaking. They did not, however, conquer the land, but only its damp and swampy regions. During the Permian, the next geological period, there appears to have been one of these climatic revolutions, spreading drought and cold over the world. Such conditions put a premium upon ability to leave the rapidly shrinking areas of swamp and moisture; and there can be little doubt that this change of climate was one of the main causes which led to the evolution of the reptiles—the first group of Vertebrates which were fully terrestrial.

From a study of fossils from different parts of the world, at different periods of geological time, we may hope to arrive at the solution of many of the obscure problems of evolution and of climatology.

In botanical science, special problems are no less easy to find. Flowering plants exist on Spitsbergen, if not in profusion of species, at least in considerable abundance of individuals. On the other hand, although insects are to be found, they are relatively much less abundant than the flowers. The question immediately arises, how is the fertilisation of these flowers effected? Do the insects suffice? The fact, already noted by botanists, that many plants in the island multiply much more by runners than their relatives in more temperate lands, gives ground for believing that insect-fertilisation is rarer than usual. If so, we should have the interesting spectacle of many plants still showing blossoms, although the majority of these would never be of use, and we should have light shed on the question whether the reduction or abolition of sexual reproduction did or did not cause a diminution in vigour or in variability.

In zoology, one point in particular calls for mention. At the Marine Biological Laboratory in Plymouth an investigation has been in progress for some time upon the rate of growth of marine invertebrate animals. Eventually it is hoped that this will have important economic consequences, for instance (to take but one example) as regards oyster fisheries. Meanwhile it has already brought to light some curious facts. At Plymouth, some of the commoner sea-animals grow wholly or mainly in the summer, others wholly or mainly in the winter. On the whole, this difference is associated with difference of geographical distribution; northerly forms, like certain sponges, grow in the cold; southerly forms, like many polyps, in the warm. Recent experimental work on the life-processes of animals has been showing that with most, temperature acts as it acts upon ordinary chemical reactions, roughly doubling or trebling their speed for each rise of ten degrees centigrade. The facts discovered at Plymouth prevent our erecting these results into a general law. It appears that in this, as in so many other respects, living things adapt themselves to the special conditions of their existence, and that there have been developed special chemical peculiarities of constitution in the more northerly forms which prevent them from following the simple law which holds for inorganic reactions. Professor Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, has advanced the theory that, owing to the slowing down of chemical processes with cold, therefore the length of life of cold-blooded animals would be much longer in the Arctic than elsewhere. It appears, however, that the winter growth of sponges at Plymouth is quite considerable; and it is at least possible that we shall find that growth is not so much retarded in the Arctic, nor life, so much prolonged, as we should *a priori* suppose.

The method of testing growth is to put out freshly built rafts early in the season, at a time when the minute free-swimming larvae of most common marine animals are abundant. Some of these settle upon the rafts, which are then examined at intervals, and specimens removed from them. And so, comparing the rates of growth of common marine invertebrates at Plymouth and in Spitsbergen, it is hoped to arrive at results of very general biological interest.

But perhaps the most fascinating branch of science in Spitsbergen, especially to the average layman, is ornithology. In the winter, there is scarcely a bird on the island; in the summer,

every cliff, every foreshore, every pool, is alive with the most diverse species. Geese, ducks, waders of every sort and kind, gulls, and all the northern tribes of sea-birds invade the country, making the most of the brief summer season to rear their young, then setting off once more to winter nearer to their original home. Some of the species have as yet never been actually found nesting, while of the habits of many only the barest outline is known.

Perhaps the most interesting species of all to be found on the island is the Grey Phalarope, a beautiful little wading-bird, which has taken to a more aquatic life than most of its relatives, and is accordingly provided with lobes on its toes like those found in the Coot or Grebe. Most remarkable of all, however, the female is not only bigger than the male, but she is brighter-coloured; not only is she brighter-coloured, but she does most of the courtship; and, although she condescends to lay the eggs in the normal way, yet she leaves the male to attend to incubation and to rearing the young, while she leads a bachelor existence with the rest of her sex.

There are other birds in which some of these peculiarities occur. The two other species of Phalarope are similar; the Dotterel, once to be found breeding on many of the high moors of northern Britain, shows the same characteristics, but in lesser degree. The male Godwit is said to incubate, although he is more brightly-coloured than his mate. The Purple Sandpiper (also a common bird in Spitsbergen) has a female a shade bigger and a shade more amorous than her mate. These are all members of the group *Limicolæ*; so far as I know, the Falcons are the only other group in which anything of the sort occurs. In the Peregrine, for instance, the female is considerably larger than the male, and she captures the prey, while he incubates. But the normal rôles in courtship do not appear to be reversed.

At any rate, the Phalarope is the most marked example of this strange reversal of the rôles of the sexes which is known; and various degrees of approach to this condition are to be found among its relatives. It is usually taken for granted that the male must be the more active and gallant sex; the Phalarope is proof positive that he need not be. A careful study of the habits of the Phalarope and Purple Sandpiper will be of great value for any theory of sex and of sexual selection.

There are other special problems in other fields. Among these may be particularly noted glacier motion. The study of glacier

motion in Switzerland and other temperate regions has been very thoroughly prosecuted, and we are all familiar with the constant slow progression of this type of ice-river, brought about by the steady pressure of the accumulated snow of the *névé*. But in other parts of the earth's surface, other conditions prevail. The Duke of the Abruzzi, on his great expedition to Ruwenzori, noted that there, in the Tropics, the glaciers had different characteristics. They did not appear to advance, and, concomitantly with this, the streams that issued from them were not turbid, as in the Alps, but limpid and clear; since the glaciers were not moving, they were not grinding the rocks beneath them into fine powder. Not very much is known as to the motion of glaciers in the Arctic. In some instances, as in Greenland, the whole country is covered with a vast cap of ice, apparently moving outwards in all directions. But of the rate, and many other details, much remains to be discovered.

An expedition, to be successful, need not be spectacular. We should all of us naturally like, if we had the exploring instinct at all, to plunge into regions as unknown, problems as new as possible. But we cannot all be chosen to climb Mount Everest, or to explore the Antarctic continent. Even when a country has been previously explored, it may remain little known because of the time or expense needed to reach it. But the fact that it is difficult to reach does not necessarily mean that it will afford the scientist more interesting or important problems than some region nearer at hand. The greatest work in science starts under our noses, and is an interpretation of some familiar fact. The value of an expedition, such as the one which is being planned for Oxford, lies in the fact that it can be carried out at moderate cost, without great experience of difficult Arctic conditions on the part of its scientific members, and within the short compass of a summer vacation. In spite of this modest scale, the party can reach high latitudes, can introduce young scientists to realities hard to bring home to the laboratory worker, and can carry out carefully planned scientific work in a country which will become more and more important to Europe as its resources become opened up.

J. S. HUXLEY.

NOTE.—Those who are interested in, or desirous of supporting the Expedition, should communicate with the Hon. Sec., F. O. Binney, at Merton College, or with the writer of the article at New College, Oxford.—Ed.

THE FOUNDING OF A CITY.

BY ANGELO C. SCOTT.

MONDAY, April 22, 1889, was a perfect day in the Oklahoma country. Not a cloud flecked the sky all day long. Scarcely the whisper of a breeze could be noted, or the bending of a blade of grass. The wine of spring was in the air, and the freshness of spring was evident to all the senses. A certain area upon which to-day stands a city of 100,000 people was, on the morning of that day, an unbroken prairie, low and level in the loop of the North Canadian river to the south, but rising and more rolling to the north. The land had been burned clear, and the soft new grass of spring, sprinkled with multitudinous wild flowers, made the view a peaceful and a charming one. But this was in the morning, and up to noon. By evening the grass and flowers were crushed beneath the feet of thousands of hurrying and excited men, and the deeper scars of horses' hoofs and wheels of innumerable vehicles. In six hours the natural beauty of the scene was completely obliterated—beyond recognition or hope of repair.

For Oklahoma City was born that day. The Romans reckoned time for many centuries from the founding of the city—*ab urbe condita*. The 22nd of April, 1919, was for Oklahoma City A.U.C. 30. Many cities, it is to be presumed, had their start on a certain day; but few, if any, have started with such a rush and so dramatically. On the morning of April 22, 1889, Oklahoma City had a name but no inhabitants; in the evening it had a population of ten thousand persons, and was permanently on the map. To one looking over it that evening, as this writer had the privilege of doing, it was a bizarre and motley sight: a city of tents—tents as far as the eye could see, some old and soiled, but for the most part new and very white, and giving forth a spectral aspect as the twilight fell. A very transient and fleeting appearance it had, too, as if it might break camp and move on in the morning. But it was in reality by no means transient. It is interesting to reflect that these slight canvas tenements rooted their owners to the soil and gave them titles which no man could take away. The tents were soon replaced by wooden structures, and these in turn gave way to brick, granite, concrete, and steel.

And this was the way it happened. On March 4, 1889, by a

'rider' on the Indian Appropriation Bill, Oklahoma had been declared open to settlement. President Harrison had announced April 22 as the opening day, and twelve o'clock noon the earliest moment at which one could legally enter the land. And it was, in fact, just the 'land.' It was not a territory; it was not a state; it was just 'the Oklahoma country.' It had no organisation, no government, and no laws except such as were generally applicable to Federal territory. It is important to remember this in reading the story of the founding of Oklahoma City, since there were no laws providing for the organisation of municipalities and no power to make them. There was not even any legal authority to lay out streets and alleys, blocks and lots. There was one Federal law, however, applicable to the case, and that was that if a certain number of people went upon a subdivision of public homestead land with the purpose of forming a town or city, that act segregated the land in question from the ordinary homestead land and made of it homestead lots—which meant that any man could enter upon a certain number of lots and hold them, provided he was the first to 'settle.' In other words, the lots were to be had for the taking; and since there was a very general impression that Oklahoma City was to be the chief city of the coming state, getting in on the ground floor seemed to offer a rare opportunity of obtaining something for nothing.

And that was why ten thousand people rushed to this particular spot—a mere station on the Santa Fé railroad—as soon after noon of April 22 as they could get there. Some even rushed to it sooner—more stealthily however; and that explains how the word 'sooner' came into instant and universal vogue in Oklahoma, and even got into the dictionaries. There were 'trenches' in those days as well as in these, and when the hour of twelve arrived these trenches discharged many a man who made swift tracks for the choicest lots.

The first legal settlers came, probably, from the nearest point on the South Canadian river about eleven miles distant. They came tumultuously, on horseback and in wagons, reaching the townsite twenty minutes before one o'clock. On their heels followed other multitudes from points of entrance slightly more distant. Then came the avalanche, trainloads upon trainloads, by the Santa Fé from north and south. Every coach was filled to suffocation, and the roof of every car was packed with men. The passengers began to fall off or out of the cars long before the trains

came to a stop. Every man carried stakes and an axe, because however little he knew about the law in the case, he knew that the way to get lots was to 'stake' them, and to stake them first. And every man hit the ground running, for he knew there was a possibility of staking a lot that would be worth five thousand dollars within a week. As a matter of fact, many a man did stake property that afternoon which has since sold for more than a comfortable fortune.

That was a long and strenuous afternoon. It seemed as if some thousands of human beings had gone mad. All over the townsite men were furiously driving stakes and setting up tents. Not that a man could hold all the lots he could stake. There was a limit under the Federal law, but few knew what it was, and many staked, or 'settled,' all they could in the hope that they would get all the law allowed in the final outcome. This went on until about seven o'clock, when it seemed to occur to everybody at once that it was supper-time. A truce to rivalry was declared by common consent, and activities suddenly ceased. The odour of frying bacon and brewing coffee rose in the air most delectably from thousands of camp-fires or rudely improvised camp-stoves. Then was the city of tents seen at its best and most dramatic moment; and as the night came on and innumerable camp-fires and lanterns gave fitful illumination to the scene, one might well have fancied that this was a military encampment or the setting of some huge frolic.

Not a few worked on through the night, but for the most part the weary multitude slept with such measure of comfort as they could command. About midnight a loud, slow call floated over the townsite from the north: 'Oh, Joe, here's your mule!' It was taken up by voice after voice, and the multiplied cries passed over the town and on like a flock of migratory birds. It afterwards developed that this homely call resounded over a great part of the Oklahoma country that night, and there are many who aver that it arose in the north-west portion as a *bona fide* piece of information to a man who had lost his mule, and was taken up by man after man in the densely populated region—though peopled in a single afternoon—and thus traversed the course of nearly a hundred miles. At any rate, utterly insignificant as this incident is, it is easily the most universally remembered event of the first-day history of Oklahoma.

The next morning operations were renewed with vigour. Some wooden 'shacks' began to appear, hastily thrown together

from lumber or ready-framed parts of houses previously shipped in. But the question began to rise very insistently to every lip, Where are we getting with all this struggle? Every man was after lots, but the trouble was, there *were* no lots. The town was not laid off in lots and blocks. Every stake driven represented a gamble. It might prove to be on a lot, when lots should be established, and it might with almost equal chance prove to be in a street or an alley. So about noon a small group of men, strangers to one another but thrown together in the common confusion, decided that the best way, and indeed the only way, to get things headed toward some sort of solution was to call a mass meeting. This was no sooner thought of than done. Half a dozen boys were found, placed on ponies, provided with bells, and instructed to ride all over the townsite calling the people to a meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Nobody stayed away from that meeting. Men gathered by thousands and by acres. The writer of this sketch was elected chairman; and, to have this part over, he presided also over the second great mass meeting, held the next Saturday, to which reference will be made. This fact is mentioned to give assurance that these incidents are narrated by one who had them sharply impressed upon his memory. He had one indispensable asset, as it proved—a strong and carrying voice.

Well, this Tuesday afternoon meeting raged for three hours, and at the end the chairman's voice suddenly went out in a whisper. It was not a riotous meeting, but it was a tumultuous one. At the beginning a very large and long box was found and placed on end, and the chairman hoisted to the top of it. A secretary was elected and lifted to the top of a similar box beside the chairman. Then the big talk began. There were some warm words for the 'sooners' and for a certain town company which had made a pre-opening plan of the town and was trying to sell lot locations; but chiefly the question was how we should lay out the town when there was no law for it. It was finally determined to elect a committee of fourteen men, with power to divide the townsite into streets, alleys, blocks, and lots, beginning at a certain designated spot, and to name the streets. The committee was instructed to proceed to its task at once.

The manner of electing these fourteen men was curious, to say the least, and probably unique in the history of elections. It is to be remembered that these thousands of men, coming from

every part of the country, were almost universally strangers to one another. Therefore, when the first man was nominated the instant cry was 'Let's see him!' So he was hustled through the crowd to the boxes where the chairman and secretary stood, then boosted from below by those on the ground and pulled from above by the two officers on the boxes until he too stood exposed to the gaze of the multitude. And this proceeding was followed in the case of every man placed in nomination. If the crowd liked his looks they voted him up; if not they voted him down—and this without the slightest compunction. It was tough to be voted down just on one's looks. But several were thus rejected. Among those voted out was General James B. Weaver, once a candidate for President of the United States. But it wasn't on account of his looks, since he was a notably fine-looking man. It was by reason of some passing prejudice against him, the nature of which the writer has forgotten, if he ever knew. There was no possibility of taking a 'division' on contesting votes: the chairman had to judge as best he could by the size of the roars for the different sides, for the crowd voted altogether by roars. But there was another limitation upon eligibility to this committee besides looks, and that was that no two men should hail from the same state. So when this most strenuous and personal election was over, the Committee of Fourteen represented fourteen states of the Union.

The committee went to work that very night and continued its labours until far beyond midnight. It met in a large, flapping tent—for the April breeze had awakened—and its proceedings were conducted by the light of lanterns and torches. It laid off Oklahoma City exactly as it stands now, except for one important correction rendered necessary by the force of circumstances within the week, the story of which is a story of near-tragedy that will be told in its place. Of course, however, the land then laid off is but a small fraction of the area occupied by Oklahoma City to-day, and is now almost wholly covered by business structures. The committee employed a surveyor, and he, with his party, was instructed to begin surveying and measuring off lots and blocks the next morning. This was the thing that would reveal who had drawn prizes and who had drawn blanks. This work was energetically undertaken on Wednesday morning.

Also, at its session that Tuesday night, the Committee of Fourteen appointed a sub-committee of five to follow the surveyors, and hear and determine the rights of contesting claimants to the

lots; for in many cases there were from two to half a dozen settlers on a single lot, and the question was, Who legally got there first? As soon as the surveyors got fairly under way, marking off the lots as they went, this sub-committee began its work, passing from lot to lot, hearing the evidence of the parties, and summarily deciding the cases on the spot. An immense crowd attended the committee, and the press of the throng soon became so great that it was found necessary to nail three long boards together, thus forming a triangle within which the committee could be protected from the crowd. This triangle the inner circle of the spectators and litigants good-naturedly bore along, and thus the peripatetic tribunal went more or less comfortably on its way.

Of course there was no legal warrant for this procedure, and many who were ousted subsequently presented their claims to a commission appointed by the President under an Act of Congress passed about a year later. But for the most part the contestants accepted the decisions of the sub-committee. Those who found their stakes and tents to be in streets and alleys packed up their belongings and left, and within two or three days the streets began to be clearly defined.

But trouble was brewing for the Committee of Fourteen. Reference has already been made to a town company which came to the opening with a prearranged plan of Oklahoma City. This was the Seminole Town Company of Topeka, Kansas. While the Committee of Fourteen was strenuously pushing its survey up from the south, the Seminole Town Company was urging people to settle according to its plan on Main Street and to the north. And it was succeeding. Friday came, and the citizens' survey had reached Grand Avenue, the street just south of Main. And then the 'situation' suddenly developed. The Seminole Town Company's plan had been made with reference to the course of the Santa Fé railroad—that is, its streets ran at right angles to the Santa Fé tracks—and that road did not run exactly north and south through the townsites. Therefore the citizens' survey, made in accordance with Government township lines, did not fit into the Seminole survey. To go forward would be to dislocate the settlements made on Main Street and to deprive many men of 'possessory rights' already worth thousands of dollars. The committee telegraphed to General Noble, Secretary of the Interior, and received a reply to the effect that the Seminole Town Company had no rights whatever in the townsite. A meeting of

the committee was held that night, and after long discussion it was determined, on the strength of the Washington telegram, to proceed with the survey in the morning.

The surveying party went to work bright and early on Saturday morning, but it had not gone far when a group of quiet men from Main Street, with Winchester in their hands, appeared upon the scene and suggested that it would be just as well for the party to discontinue its work then and there. This was reported to the Committee of Fourteen, and that body immediately went into session. Its decision was that it was high time to call another mass meeting. Boys were procured as before, placed on horses, and sent scurrying over the townsite with bells in their hands, calling a general meeting for two o'clock. The same huge crowd assembled. There were two factions now, and a good chance for a clash. The meeting was not so tumultuous, however, as that on Tuesday; but there was a tenseness of feeling which suggested that trouble would come unless wise counsels prevailed. The right of the matter was plainly with the Committee of Fourteen, but expediency suggested compromise. The moderates prevailed. There was a northside party and a southside party, and it was voted that a committee of ten should be selected, equally divided between these parties, to try to patch up the conflicting surveys, and incidentally to patch up a peace. Each party withdrew to itself and nominated its five men, and then the two parties came together to ratify the action. It was directed that a report should be made at dusk of the same day.

The committee went immediately to work, with General Weaver as its chairman. A civil engineer was called in, the two plans were carefully compared, and it was found that by creating and throwing in certain irregular lots between Grand Avenue and Main Street, much as a mason throws fillers into a stone wall, the two surveys could be welded together and the breach be healed. This sounds easy, but it took hours of weary work.

And it left its mark on Oklahoma City. Not only were the irregular lots created, but the north- and south-going streets at Grand Avenue did not 'fit,' and harsh jogs, or notches, were produced. Strangers wonder, as they travel down a street running from north to south, how it is that they come against a solid street face at Grand Avenue, and must turn sharply to the left before they can go on. If they knew it, these irregularities are very literally the scars of a bloodless conflict.

Well, at dusk the great crowd met again, at a point where a magnificent hotel now stands. Flaring torches and smoky lanterns produced a weird effect. The secretary of the committee mounted a box and read the report. It seemed to please everybody, for a great hoarse shout of approval went up. And then, pulling himself out like a telescope, uprose from the rude stool upon which he had been sitting a southern Methodist preacher, Shaw by name, long-haired and bearded like a prophet, six feet and seven inches tall, with a mouth like the crater of Vesuvius, and a voice like the thunders of Sinai, which roared 'Let us sing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow"'; and this writer has never before or since heard the old Doxology sung with so great impressiveness.

Thus ended the first week in Oklahoma City, and thus its first great trouble. In the year that followed, while it was governing itself with no law except self-made law, it had other troubles and other stirring and dramatic scenes; but they do not belong to this story.

THE TREKBOKKE OR MIGRATORY SPRINGBUCKS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. T. B. Davie, the writer of the following article, is a hale old gentleman nearly eighty years of age, living now at Prieska, a small town in the Karroo of the Cape of Good Hope, on the Orange River, between De Aar Junction and Upington. In his youth he served under the famous leader of the Mounted Police, Sir Walter Currie, who was Prince Alfred's hunting guide when the Prince visited South Africa about the middle of last century. Mr. Davie has lived many years in the Karroo; he was up in the parts he now lives in many years before the advent of the railway, and, as his article shows, has had a wide experience of the 'trekbokke.'

An account by myself of the last great 'trek,' in 1896, appeared in 'The Zoologist,' London, in May 1899.

Mr. Davie and I were once discussing the 'trekbokke,' when, seeing how large his experience had been and wishing to get on record certain facts from an eye-witness, I begged him to write down an account of some of his experiences, which I would try to get published. And so the following article came to be written. There is no reason whatever to doubt Mr. Davie's statements with regard to the bucks. The article is offered not as a hunting yarn, but as a valuable contribution to the all too scanty literature on a most remarkable phenomenon.

I fear the days of the great 'treks' are over.

S. C. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER.

WRITING in the year of grace 1916, with a daily train service to Upington, it seems hardly credible to the stranger, who happens to have business in that recently remote region, when he is told that twenty years ago, or even less, the arid, sun-parched, desert-looking country through which the line is carried was at once both fertile and the home of countless millions of springbok, besides a fair quantity of the smaller game usually found in South Africa. This was the land of the great 'treks,' as the migrations of the springboks were euphoniously named by the *voortrekker* (pioneer) Boers, who at that time formed the majority of the inhabitants there. They were a peculiar people, perfect specimens of the genus 'nomad' and, like the Arabs of the Arabian Desert,

hospitable to a degree. The country was but sparsely settled, and these 'trek Boers' enjoyed what was then called *vrij gebruik* (free use) of the immense upland downs, now forming a great part of the Kenhardt and Prieska districts commonly known as 'the Kaaiken Bult.'

This stretch of country, comprising about 8000 or 10,000 square miles, was the home of myriads of springbok, and during certain years and at all sorts of uncertain seasons these antelopes began to assemble in immense herds; these herds, seemingly impelled by some guiding instinct, gathered together in mobs, wandering aimlessly about, first here, then there, having no apparent destination and yet feeling restless and uneasy. At this time the slightest sight or sound would set troops of 10,000 to 20,000 scampering off in as many directions as there are points to the compass, and the slightest thing would turn them back in any given direction. This peculiarity was well known to the Boers, who, immediately they heard that the 'boks' were gathering, began doing the same. The oxen were got together, the wagon cleaned up and well greased, and the sails and tents looked over and patched where required. A trip was made to the nearest store for a supply of coffee, sugar, salt and tobacco, and, most important of all, powder and lead or cartridges for the use of the hunters.

Up to within the last twenty years, many of the Boers were still armed with good muzzle-loading rifles, but shortly before the Boer War of 1900-2 broke out they were all, to a man and boy, armed with Martini Henrys or Mausers. All being ready, a start was made; often ten to twenty families would make up a party and they would trek away to some 'pan'—a circular depression—or well-known reliable water-hole (of which in those days there were numbers scattered all over the country), pitch their camp in due laager style, generally horse-shoe shape, and make preparations for the hunt. In some cases the boks would be within sight, at other times at a distance of a few miles, but upon the signal being given by the leader of the party it was upsaddle and off. Nearly every man had a led horse and a few native boys. After enjoying a day's good sport, for at first they only shot picked animals, they would return with an average of ten or more boks each, and then the womenfolk had their share of the fun, skinning and cutting up the game, to make biltong (dried strips of meat). This would go on for days, and then the boks would get frightened and begin to move off in some given direction, generally towards

the Orange River, but several times they went southwards as far as Graaff Reinet and Cradock.

From the year 1887 up to 1896 there were four really great treks over the Prieska district, three with a northern course, and one to the south and west. When the trek was in full move nothing but springboks were to be seen for miles upon miles at a stretch. The whole country seemed to move, not in any hurry or rush, as is generally associated in people's minds with a springbok, but a steady plodding walk march, just like *voetganger* (hopper) locusts; no other animal or insect life can afford so apt an illustration. The writer has seen them in one continuous stream, on the road and on both sides of the road, to the skyline, from the town of Prieska to Draghoender, a distance of forty-seven miles, plodding on, just moving aside far enough to avoid the wheels of the cart.

On this occasion the owners of the farm Witvlei were all sitting in a ring round the top of the well, which at that time was uncovered, the father, son, and son-in-law armed with rifles, firing a shot now and then, and the womenfolk with sticks and stones, trying to keep the boks away. This was the family's only water-supply left, as the boks had already filled up the dam, thousands being trampled to death in the mud as they pressed on over one another to get to the water. At last the boks beat the farmers and got to the well, and in a few minutes it was full of dead and dying boks. However, the trek passed before evening, with the exception of a few stragglers, and the Witvlei people soon had their well cleaned out and rendered serviceable. On this occasion the boks came right through the town of Prieska, and a worthy magistrate of those days sat down on the steps in front of the court-house and shot a few nice ones as they strolled past, for the sake of their skins and horns. The boks trekked on to the banks of the Orange River, and were drowned by thousands, those behind pushing the front ones into the water. Some few got across, but most were drowned.

In the course of a few days the trek seems to melt away. They disappear: nobody knows where they have gone to. They seem to get to some given point, stop, and vanish. I've never heard anybody speak of their returning. What the aim of these migrations is, is also a mystery. Sometimes they are really in search of water and are poor and miserable, hardly fit to make biltong with. At other times, on two occasions in the writer's knowledge, they were sleek and fat. On another occasion

they were stiff and sore with *brandziekte* (scab); lots that I shot and saw shot could hardly walk, their shoulders and flanks being a hard cake of scab. Finally, the last trek in 1896-97, nearly all died of the rinderpest; at least it was put down to that. There has not been anything like a trek since then.

As to the numbers of such a trek, it is a matter of impossibility to make even a guess. The late Dr. Gibbons, who was a born naturalist and lover of animals, and myself were travelling on one occasion, in 1888, from Prieska to Bitter Puts, about seventy miles. At Nels Poortje we were informed by the late Mr. Diederick Danth, the owner, that the trek boks were coming on; he had had tidings of them that day, and was making ready for a shoot, as they were certain, so he said, to come past his house—they always did. Dr. Gibbons immediately suggested trying to count them. Of course Mr. Danth laughed at the very idea; but Dr. Gibbons said 'Now, you can count sheep while they run, so you can certainly count these animals as they walk past.' We slept at Nels Poortje that night, and during the night we heard the boks passing. They make a very peculiar noise, a sort of half-whistle and snort, something like a wheezy horse blowing his nose, and when some thousands of them are all making this noise together it sounds very weird and uncanny, especially at night.

In the morning as soon as it was daylight we were out, and there we were, sure enough, in a veritable sea of antelopes. The Doctor saw at once, upon being rallied as to counting them, that it was impossible, but he made a guess after this fashion. Seeing a kraal (a fold for stock), a good large one, he asked how many sheep could stand in it, and Mr. Danth replied 1500. 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'if 1500 can stand there, then about 10,000 can stand on an acre, and I can see in front of me 10,000 acres covered with boks; that means at least 100,000,000.' 'Then what about the miles upon miles around on all sides, as far as the eye can reach, covered with them?' He gave it up. We left Nels Poortje after breakfast and rode for four and a half hours right straight through them, they never giving more road than was required for us to pass. We got through the trek a few miles from Bitter Puts. That trek passed Prieska about ten or twelve miles north-west and crossed the river, and made a great and grand harvest for the Griqualanders. But now, alas! these are things of the past. The farmer who has a small troop of fifty or a hundred boks now is as jealous of them as if they were thoroughbred cattle. They are a really valuable

asset, besides the pleasure of having a little shooting during the season.

The venison of the springbok is the most delicious of all South African wild game, and a nice carcase easily fetches 20s. Besides, as they are now scarce, the skins and heads and horns are not thrown away as they used to be, but are kept and preserved or dried for sale to curio hunters, of whom there are plenty. The question as to whether the country is drying up or not is easily answered in the affirmative as far as these north-western districts are concerned. Up to 1896 there were hundreds of 'pans' in the Kaaie Bult that had hardly ever been known to be dry, scores of 'korahs' or bushman water-holes in the limestone formation never known to give out, and *kuilen* (water-holes) that usually had water six or nine months in the year. From 1896 onwards these pans, water-holes and *kuilen* have gradually ceased to exist, and at the present time there is not a single pan in the Kaaie Bult that any sane farmer would hire for a certain three months. The water-holes are all dry, and have been for years. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the country, that such is not the case, but certainly a great part of this one-time fertile land is becoming uninhabitable.

T. B. DAVIE.

THE PROVOCATOR.

By CAPT. W. L. BLENNERHASSETT, D.S.O.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY passed down the long stone corridor, went up some narrow flights of steps and halted before a door marked No. 18. The uniformed official alone went inside, but presently returning, made a sign for Gregory Dimitrievich and the two soldiers to follow.

It was a big, square room, rather dark despite two big windows opening out on the Nevâ and the Winter Palace of the mighty Tsar on the opposite bank. The walls seemed lined with endless rows of portentous, evil-looking volumes bound in black and dark red; against them leant a few small wooden ladders evidently for the purpose of giving access to the uppermost shelves. Between the windows hung a life-size photograph of the 'Imperator' Nicolas II Alexandrovich, which was not exactly flattering.

'Who is your prisoner?' he heard a husky voice ask.

It was a captain of the police sitting by a low, square table with long white sheets of paper piled up before him, wielding a huge penholder with his right hand and furiously stroking a gigantic moustache with his left. He was sitting very low and seemed ill at ease, not knowing what to do with his short fat legs covered by enormous, spurred, black boots.

'Gregory Dimitrievich Kossalnikov,' replied the uniformed official unctuously, 'known in religion as Father Seraphim—the runaway priest from Carelia.'

'Why hast thou run away?' queried the other brusquely.

'I? . . . I!' Gregory Dimitrievich turned his hat nervously with his fingers. ' . . . because . . . because of my convictions . . . '

'Thy convictions?'

'Yes. . . . I considered there was no longer room for me within the Church.' He was conscious of stammering awkwardly. How was it he could not be firm!

'I am not surprised,' said the other, 'considering the company thou wast found with. . . . '

'I came to it by accident,' replied Gregory, more self-assured.

'A curious accident, no doubt,' retorted the other, with a touch of sarcasm. 'Hast thou then not gone over to the Starovers?'

'I did intend to . . .'

' . . . And drifted in among revolutionaries instead? . . .'

'No, no,' he protested.

'How so? explain thy position. . . . Thou hast not even reported to the police, and yesterday afternoon wast seen in a riot in the . . . I forget the name of the street.'

Gregory Dimitrievich entered into a long explanation. It was confused to the last degree, since he began in the middle of his story and jumped backwards and forwards erratically. It seemed sincere enough, but did not hang together well, for the reason that he omitted to give the purpose of his visit to Andrei Godalitsky, his cousin, warned as he was by Sondrakov not to refer to him.

But it made little difference since nobody listened.

'Thou wast found with one Jadviga Alexandrovna Oushakova at the time of thy arrest,' resumed the police officer when he had at last come to an end of his explanations. 'Didst thou know her before?'

Gregory Dimitrievich blushed and dared not look up.

'No,' he answered inaudibly.

'No wonder our Holy Great Orthodox Church proved too small for thee,' commented the officer, noisily shuffling his fat legs under the table.

Gregory winced under the reproach.

'Yet, maybe, there is room enough in Siberia,' pursued the other.

There was a long pause.

The police captain seemed bent on drawing something or other upon the white, immaculate sheet of foolscap lying before him. Then, noisily, he tossed his penholder under the table.

He got up and with his hands in his pockets and his legs straddled stood by the table looking at the priest, who dared not encounter his glance.

'Noo, noo, Gregory Dimitrievich Kossalnikov, that is so, that is so . . . ' was his next rather meaningless remark.

The fugitive priest evolved theories in his head as to what it might possibly amount to. Were they going to send him to Siberia? . . . Probably.

But the oracle robed in police uniform was mute—uneasily striding across the room—from and to the table—mute.

At last the voice was audible once more :

'The prisoner may go !' commanded the guardian of law and order.

Go ! . . . Go where ? . . .

'Am I liberated ?' asked Gregory, surprised.

'Take him out into the corridor,' continued the draconic captain, addressing the soldiers and ignoring Gregory's question. 'He may wait there for the time being. . . . Now bring in Sondrakov.'

The soldiers saluted, turned about smartly and marched their prisoner into the corridor, where they allowed him to sit on a bench facing the door of room No. 18. Staring at the chequered black and white stone floor, he mentally worked out Knight's moves in some gigantic game of chess which he played with his destiny.

Presently, guarded on every side by a strong squad, Alexander Michailovich Sondrakov was led past and disappeared inside the room. Gregory never looked up. . . .

He sat there a very long time.

At last there was a stir and the uniformed official who had fetched him out of the cell emerged from No. 18. He said something to the two soldiers, who jumped to attention but stayed where they were. Then, beckoning to their prisoner, he took him down two doors further, halting opposite No. 16.

'Go in there,' he said, 'someone wants to see thee.'

Gregory, shyly grasping the handle of the outer door, found a second door within and passed inside alone.

A second time he found himself in a high but proportionately narrow room, and once again to all intents and purposes not dissimilar to a library. But it was richly furnished, and on his left, on either side of an open fireplace, were two large comfortable armchairs covered with dark green leather.

It had only one high, square window, the blinds of which were half drawn, so that, but for the flicker of the fire in the chimney corner, perpetual twilight seemed to reign there. Coming in from the bright outer corridor he could distinguish nothing at first but the tall, broad figure of a man rising from his desk with his back to the window. He appeared to be moving towards him.

'Sit down, Kossalnikov,' said the dimly visualised figure.

Gregory knew well enough that it was for him to comply, but wondered where he was to sit.

But the other had already come up close and, extending a hand to him, pushed round the leather armchair with his left foot and remarked :

'Here . . . that will do . . . best.'

Gregory dared not grasp the proffered hand. Weakly he touched it and bowed low.

'Sit down,' said the other firmly, 'and don't be shy. It does not help matters much in any case and, God knows, they are serious enough. . . .'

He was not unkind this man, evidently, or . . . or tried not to be. . . .

Gregory looked at him. He was used to the darkness by now. Yes, he was tall and broad, extremely blond and white-skinned. He chewed at a big cigar, and as he sat in the armchair opposite sent up into the air large rings of clean blue smoke and stared after them. . . .

He leant over and, with his left hand opening a little silver case, offered a cigarette.

'You smoke ?'

'Thank you—no.'

'I should have thought a man holding your advanced views would.'

Gregory wanted to say 'I hold no advanced views,' but the other had sunk back in his chair. The reply was uncalled for.

But for a brief moment the light of the fire had fallen on his face, as he had leant over, and it seemed to Gregory that he had seen it before. . . . These small, luminous blue eyes, these masses of intensely blond hair, growing thick in the eyebrows too, where had he come across them ?

He gazed at the other man's right hand, which firmly gripped the arm of the leather chair. This hand . . . but where ?

There was some untraceable transmission of thought. Intuitively that white hand, with its pale blue outstanding veins withdrew from where the flicker of the fire rendered it visible and vanished like the rest of the man in the obscurity of the room.

Did that other man not want to be seen ?

But the silence was unendurable.

'You wish to—to speak to me, sir,' rang out the nervous voice of a man who was—and felt—a hunted fugitive. . . .

'I must . . . ' retorted the other, with the air of a man fulfilling a task he truly loathes. 'It is my duty . . . ' he appeared to draw back further into the recesses of that armchair like one fearing the contagion of a moral leper.

'You ran away from the Church?' he asked sharply.

Gregory nodded.

'And intend to return?' was the next question.

'Can I be forced to?' answered the priest, whose words out-distanced his prudence.

'Certainly not,' replied the other, 'since nobody wants—thee.'

That sudden use of the second person under the circumstances sounded like a veiled insult.

The resulting silence was literally unbearable.

'I am afraid you think badly of me, sir,' stammered the priest, just to say something.

'Could I well do otherwise?' was the retort.

'I ought to explain that . . . ' there followed the beginning of a long oration.

But the other interrupted.

'I am not a theologian, you know—and—and least of all your bishop.'

Why this 'least of all'—because he was a commissary of the police or was it contempt? Did he wish to insinuate that it was below his dignity to work for his bishop?

Gregory leaned further forward, mechanically turning and twisting the brim of his large black felt hat, and cast a furtive glance at the figure opposite. But the man drew back, even further back—mysteriously back.

'Normally you come before the tribunal of the Holy Synod,' he heard him remark, while his first finger gently tapped the cigar to shake off the ashes, 'and your proper destination is Siberia.'

It was not the words so much which struck the priest as the voice, the inflection of the voice—it seemed so familiar. Yet, surely he had never seen this man before. The thought engrossed him so completely that he did not appear terrified at this sombre announcement. The word 'normally' also he could not quite understand.

'You don't seem to mind it,' said the other drily, 'you are already beyond that—in your revolutionary fanaticism.'

'No, no,' he replied, but could not get further, for from somewhere on the left through the thick wall resounded the piercing, agonised yell of a man. He gave a start.

'They are knouting your friend Sondrakov,' said the other; 'a man of his calibre thinks it an honour to die, but does not like being flogged.'

Gregory felt the blood vanish from his cheeks; his heart beat convulsively, and inertly he sank back in his chair.

'Are you afraid of it too?' asked the other in tones of ill-disguised satisfaction.

But there was no reply. Only silence, grim silence which nothing seemed to break. Even a low, drawn-out moan which appeared to echo through the room was imaginary, for all was still—very still.

'It is not only that which you deserve,' said the other at last, 'but in times such as these men are shot for lesser offences than yours.'

There was a pause. The threat failed to be effective because Gregory did not hear him.

'Do you know how many railway employees we have shot this month?' continued the other. 'Quite 80,000 . . .'

This remark was made after the manner of a man who discusses the price of six dead fishes.

'What for? . . . For striking?'

'For ceasing essential work during a foreign war, for revolution, rioting and pillaging—for rebelling against the Tsar and the established Government—for rising in arms.'

The other leant forward a little, but not much, and sent up blue rings of smoke which gently collided with the portrait of the 'Imperator' Alexander II hanging over the mantelpiece.

'He too was assassinated,' he remarked, without mentioning a name. -

'It is time all this stopped,' he continued after a while, 'the flow of so much blood of wretched, misguided men. . . . We must be catching their leaders,' he murmured, as if primarily talking to himself, and added more audibly, 'and we are catching them—beyond a doubt. That is the worst of it—the revolution as such has collapsed, that is, is bound to break down in the long run so that every man who falls now really dies for a cause already lost.'

He spoke in a tone of conviction, very quietly and distinctly. Again he shook the ashes of his cigar into the grate and resumed :

'Whether they realise it or not—that is another matter; but such a cause as theirs can never stand unless it succeeds at once. . . .'

Another pause. He seemed to be thinking hard.

'But that does not release their leaders from their responsibility; quite the reverse—since they send men to their death uselessly. What an influence a man like you might have, if he cared to use it—'

Once more he stopped. The blue smoke rings rose again and like Jadviga he followed them with his eyes. Yes, like Jadviga. . . .

'You see further than the majority of your—your class,' he appeared to search for words. Had he intended to say 'than your kind,' but chosen a politer expression? 'Mind you—not being your bishop or your superior, but a member of the Orthodox Church, although a Pole—' once more he hesitated, as if to recollect his trend of thought, 'I don't really blame you for running away . . . from all this antiquated, stereotyped ceremonial, this incessant spiritualising of material things and materialising of spiritual conceptions which is the curse of this nation in these days—but,' he accentuated this last word, 'I blame you for the example you set, in times of revolution especially, and—'

'I did not know there was a revolution nor what revolution was,' interrupted Gregory.

'But you know it now—to your cost,' continued the blond giant, tossing away the remainder of his cigar. 'Do you not?'

'I know—it is terrible.' The answer was made in all sincerity.

But the other paused. What was he ruminating over now?

'Assuming,' he said, manifestly trying to be kind, 'assuming we let you go. What would you do?'

'Try to earn my daily bread.'

'How?'

'Any way—I mean, in any honest way.'

'In this capital?'

'Not if I could help it.'

'You are poor?'

'I possess nothing.'

'That hotel you stayed at—it was recommended you by Son-drakov?'

'Yes.'

'Only one question: at that party—prior to your arrest—was there a young woman who gave herself out to be an English girl?'

'A Miss Golmes, you mean?'

'But is not—and with her a student called Belinski?'

'Yes.'

'His full name Alexander Alexandrovich Belinski?'

'Yes.'

'Had you met either of them before?'

'The student—yes—on my journey up. The girl—no.'

'They left early, did they not?' he asked very sharply.

'As far as I remember—yes.'

'You were pretty drunk by then, of course.'

The other seemed to laugh. His 'of course' was contemptuous.

'I?—I!—yes,' stammered Gregory.

'How long does it take you to get drunk, may I ask? Not long?'

The man addressed fumbled for words.

The blond giant got up and stood with his back to the fireplace. He passed his hand over his brow and buried it in his pocket.

'I only ask,' he said, 'because I am trying to establish how early they went. You don't know the time?'

'No.'

'But that their attempt has failed——'

'No.'

'You lie—don't lie. You were told by Alexander Michailovich Sondrakov in the cell.'

So they had been overheard. Gregory felt the cold sweat standing out on his brow.

'But I do not know what the attempt was,' he replied at last, horror-struck.

'I can tell you,' volunteered the other. 'It was to assassinate Pliohve, the Minister of the Interior——'

Gregory moved uneasily in his chair. It was clearly getting worse and worse.

'The so-called Englishwoman—that Miss Golmes,' resumed the man standing up rigid in front of the fireplace, 'served as governess at the house of Prince Konovalov, the military governor, and as he passed out of the house with the Minister to proceed to the Winter Palace she was to place a lamp by the window giving the student the signal to shoot——'

To the Winter Palace! On his way to the Tsar! Then even the Emperor of All the Russias knew about this—Heavens!

'Of course, we got to hear of it,' continued the other with a superior air, insinuating that there was little he did not know, 'so it failed, and the student was arrested in time and then all the rest of you—I only tell you this to show you the kind of company you drifted into.'

'Why did they want to kill him?' asked the priest naïvely.

But the other either had not heard the question or did not deign to answer. Without turning round he stretched out his left hand and touched the button of an electric bell by the left of the mantelpiece.

'The worst of it is,' he remarked drily, 'that we cannot let you go as yet. I don't see any particular good in having you whipped just now. Anyway, this evening there are some executions and you can act as chaplain.'

'But——'

'Yes, I know you have left the Church. But that does not matter, at all events here. I told you I am no theologian and still less the people who are going to be shot. It will do you a world of good anyway.'

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. He looked arrogant as he stood there with his hands in his pockets, his legs apart, deliberate in his way of ignoring the terrified victim whose interrogation had apparently come to an end.

Suddenly through the wall vibrated another agonised shriek. Impatiently the giant turned round and gave the bell another touch.

'They are giving Sondrakov a second turn,' he commented, 'evidently he is conscious again.'

The door opened and in came the unctuous, uniformed official.

'Take this man away,' commanded the arrogant giant; 'have a little food given him and intern him in the empty cell next to Sondrakov's, so that he can hear his moans. That will do. This evening he takes his turn on duty as prison chaplain. Mind he gets ready.'

That was all.

In the corridor they handed him over to the two soldiers who were waiting and marched him into his low, dark, dirty, isolated place of confinement on the floor below.

They placed a piece of rye bread on the wooden bench and by its side an earthenware basin filled with water, banged the door heavily and turned the key.

He was alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT ensued during the next few hours can scarcely be described.

The dusk which set in only added to the terror of one already demented by his sufferings, by his fear, by the multiplicity of the fresh and awe-inspiring developments of his new existence, in which everything that lay a day behind him receded into the dimness of a remote past.

Everything appeared to be like this wretched cell in which he sat trembling; his heart, his mind and the world at large—it was all hemmed in by stolid ancient walls through which now and again vibrated a forlorn, desperate shriek of misery, but within which all was still and mournful like a yawning graveyard, everything barred and bolted, windows and doors, outlooks and opinions.

In this oppression what flashed through a man's brain was merely confusion, the incoherent reproduction of persons and of things not sufficiently assimilated, not possibly real, but shadowy as the surrounding twilight.

Surely it was inconceivable that what he had experienced was true, that he himself was the Gregory he knew; inconceivable that those others existed, or if they did exist, could speak and act as they did—.

But why not? Unless he was stricken with madness, it must be true, be it likely or unlikely. Was he not in this cell? He groped about him. He was. Then it was true.

Even if he chose to deny the reality of the world, how could he deny his own individual consciousness? What he had gone through he only could feel—. His agony was a fact, an indisputable fact.

Horried he shrank from his own distracted reasonings only to be startled by every sound from without. Every minute he expected the door opposite him, that one small, low door through which he had entered, to be flung open and a masked man to come in to throttle him. He recalled the harrowing tales he had heard, but never believed in hitherto, of men who were undesirable—

such, indeed, as he, a hunted fugitive before God and the Tsar—disappearing without trace. In the spring when the ice broke all that might be found was the racked, decomposed, unrecognisable body of a man drifting in the Nievá.

What guarantees had he for his safety? Who knew or cared about what was passing behind these grim walls of the old fortress of SS. Peter and Paul? In its century-long domination of St. Petersburg, and through St. Petersburg of all Russia, how many existences had it ground to dust?

He thought of the man he had just seen, the blond giant, that male *Jadviga*—yes, verily sent into his life to avenge his terrible sin, with that woman—to break in upon the orgy of his lust and debauch. He could picture him even now receding into the depth of his armchair, fearful of the pale flicker of a dying flame alighting upon his features; he saw him suddenly rising and standing in front of the fireplace, his head flung back, proud and arrogant, his legs apart, the hands hidden in the pockets of his blue serge suit. He turned to the bell and pressed it and men entered the room. He gave them his orders—but he did not tender his hand as he had when Gregory came in and dared not grasp it. Did not tender it because he had done with him, got out of him what he wanted, or as much as he judged he could get, so that he, Gregory Dimitrievich, was of no further use.

What was this man not capable of? Were they not torturing men even now within these very walls?—Had he not heard with his own ears?—And it seemed to him that they seized him too, stripped him to the waist, bound him against the wall, powerless, helpless. He heard the arrogant man give the order to whip him, listened to the cossack asking how many strokes of the lash he should get, and the blond giant answering ‘nine—that will do—for he will lose consciousness—’

Then he observed a shuffle of feet, it was the others getting out of the way while the cossack cracked his long whip and made the usual joke: ‘Prepare, little one, for the knout is swinging in thy direction and thou art in the way. Mind! Mind!’

Again the whip cracked, then with a long hiss it cut through the air and crashed on his naked shoulder, removing the skin and the flesh, laying bare the bone. Once more it cracked, hissed and crashed down on him just below the place where it had struck him first, lashing across in neat parallel lines with hardly a finger’s margin between them. They counted, he counted, but as he felt

his blood run and someone shouted 'six,' all was dark before his eyes, he lost consciousness—

He heard a yell, but it was not his own yell—that of another tortured person vibrating through the wall—as he stood in the room and was interrogated by the blond commissary of the police who was so like Jadviga—Why? Why so like her?

But he was roused by a sound without. Men were coming down the corridor towards his cell. What for? Oh!

He could not move—dared not so much as breathe. Oh, let it be short, oh God, only not so long. There they were—they seemed to halt?—No—they moved on as far as the next cell—to Sondrakov's, where he had lain this morning—bringing him back—his bleeding body—

He heard them open the door of his cell; there was a heavy thud, as if they were hurling something on the ground—maybe the unconscious Sondrakov; they banged the door, turned the key with a sinister grind, and left as quickly as they had come—.

All was still again as before, nothing audible but the beat of his heart, which appeared to strike against his chest with sledge-hammer strokes.

He tried to calm himself, to make himself believe that anyhow he was all right. For had not the blond man said that he was not his bishop, not his superior? Perhaps he could do nothing, or—it seemed more likely—perhaps it was not yet worth his while—.

Yet, every time the sentry passed on his rounds, back came the old terror, the dread of secret assassination, of the lacerating knout.

Every word that had passed assumed a new meaning: the commissary's look at the portrait of Alexander II and his comment, 'He was assassinated too.' Why 'too'? Who else? 'I don't see any particular good in having you whipped just now,' but what of 'later,' since he remained in the power of this—this ogre?

He would have to attend at the executions. Attend only? On duty? They were not going to seize him at the last moment to beat their monthly record of 80,000. But no, that figure included railway personnel only—risen in arms—not others—!

A long, low, drawn-out moan struck his ear. He gave a start. There it was again. It was Sondrakov awakening from his sufferings and 'it was good for him'—Gregory Dimitrievich—to hear it.

He listened for a long while in silence. At last, not able to stand it any longer, he got up and tried to pace across the narrow,

dark cell. But he was frightened of attracting attention to himself by the noise; they might forget about him, he was reminding them of his existence——

He tried to gaze through the window, but could not bear the sight of the narrow, stone-paved, stone-walled, dark courtyard. Was that the execution ground, he wondered? Nature certainly shunned it, for nothing grew in it, not even a blade of grass.

And suddenly he thought of his native forests and the swinging firs weighed down by the snow and gilded by the dawn. A breath of the cold night air of Carelia appeared to waft through the room and settle in his heart. Yes, before his eyes lay the vast Segozero, swept by the icy north-east wind. He heard the melodious tinkle of the bell in the steeple of his dear old church which the sacristan was ringing with three new bright roubles clinking in his pocket, given him by the priest who had gone—fled like a thief in the night—the bell still rang just the same and seemed the same to the faithful only that by the altar stood another priest, just come to take over—one who had not lost his faith——

But neither the figure of the woman he had loved returned to Gregory, for she was dead and had passed out of this world, nor the thought of his old faith—not in himself, but in his God—for it too had died in the hopeless, confused fear of the hour, and he knew nothing of its resurrection.

Thus without a guiding light his soul steered through the darkness, lashed by the storm-waves of his past ebbing away on the one hand, stunned by the impact of the diffused mass of misery which broke in upon the other. Forward he sank and backward he reeled on his uneven course, shaking and trembling, and continuing only because his heart did not cease to beat.

A few minutes later, impervious to the harassing drawl of moans from the other cell, without thought or feeling he sat there devouring his rye-bread and gulping down his water like an animal in the desert.

And though he could not sleep, his eyes, half-closed, peered through the gloom and gliding listlessly up and down the walls studied every detail of the cell as if that cell alone—and only that—existed in the world. Even the sentry on his rounds no longer disturbed him.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL, as the night progressed, there were indications of activity without. Several times men passed by talking noisily and in the end, stopping by the cell next door, took out Sondrakov. He had ceased to moan and was apparently capable of dragging himself along with them. Was that for him the end?

If so, why did they not fetch him also, the apostate Gregory Dimitrievich Kossalnikov, to officiate in the last rites for those who did not believe?

But presently they fetched him.

'Art thou ready?' said an official, wielding a large mediaeval-looking lantern.

By an inclination of his head Gregory signified that he was and followed the stranger, escorted by two soldiers. A terrible doubt seized him. Was it his last walk also? Was one of the soldiers walking behind suddenly going to draw a revolver and shoot him in the back or run his bayonet through him? Or club him with the butt-end of the rifle on the back of his head?

It was possible since it was part of the 'system,' all in accord with what one had heard of, but never known, because—because the dead do not return.

Confusedly he prayed for himself, but mechanically, nervously—ever interrupted in his thoughts by cross-currents of fear. No one spoke a word; the official led in silence, but with the assurance of one who knows his way; the soldiers followed, keeping in step. Gregory, just in front of them, was so enervated that he could barely lift his feet, but let them shuffle along the floor after the manner alleged to be peculiar to the Jews.

They passed down endless corridors, dimly lit, and occasionally by a sentry who, on the approach of the official, seeing he was in uniform, sprang to attention. They turned to the right and the left, always between the narrow walls, which flung back the echo of the soldiers' tramp. No one seemed about, for it was not part of this world—this fortress of Peter and Paul—but one of the approaches to hell.

At last they reached a narrow flight of steps and descended rapidly. They appeared to be moving underground, yet they went lower still and through ominous cellar-like vaults with their dimly discernible outline mimicking the aisle of a Gothic cathedral.

Were they making for the Nievâ, he wondered, and was he going through the ice ?

But they passed on still further. The atmosphere was moist and a putrid odour prevailed, as if an immensity of sacks of flour had been stacked here and gone bad. But there were no sacks of flour—in fact, nothing.

Suddenly they halted before a low, grey-painted iron door let into the wall of the vault on their right.

‘Be careful,’ said the official, ‘there are three steps on the other side.’

He deposited his lantern on the ground and carefully lifted a heavy grey-painted iron bar out of the socket in which it rested, then, taking the lantern again, hung it on a large nail by the side of the door.

‘We shan’t want that now,’ he remarked, ‘there’s light inside.’

Then, turning to the priest, he said ‘Don’t tremble! Thou hast nothing to be afraid of. Thou knowest what thou hast been sent for, so just do thy duty and neither more nor less.’

The words were kindly meant, but Gregory found no answer, and gazed at the floor.

Meanwhile the other, turning the small handle and pulling at the heavy door, got it open.

‘Pass in,’ he commanded, ‘and follow me! The soldiers will remain here.’

Gregory did as he was told, while the official closed the small door behind him and with a minute key locked it from the inside.

The priest descended three low stone steps when the official, now behind him, laid his hand upon his shoulder and stopped him.

‘That will do,’ was his order, ‘wait where thou art now.’

Gregory saw before him a fairly long, narrow corridor, very high and lit by a row of unshaded electric bulbs, hung from the ceiling.

At first the light dazzled him, coming as he did from the dark vaults; but presently, his eyes adjusting themselves to the new conditions, he looked round.

On his left was a big square iron gate, painted black and securely fastened, by which stood a soldier with fixed bayonet. On the far side, all along the wall of the corridor, ran what looked like a solid, slanting stone step about a foot high from the ground.

Along it, leaning against the wall and evenly spaced, was what appeared to be a row of sacks, about man-high. On the opposite side, that is to say three or four yards across, the wall was absolutely bare and whitewashed.

No one seemed about but the sentry by the gate and the uniformed official, now standing on his left and gently pulling him by the arm.

'We can see better from here,' he explained; 'but stand right back, so as not to be in the way. Best on the lowest step by the door.'

Gregory obeyed, but casually looking at his guide noticed for the first time that he was not the same who had fetched him out of his cell this morning. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, evidently much older, not merely because his fair hair and thick moustache were showing white, but because the light of youth had passed from his blue eyes, and over his forehead, which appeared the higher on account of his partial baldness, had settled the deep, broad lines of age. He still showed that he had been a handsome man, but stooped slightly, and his legs were short in proportion to his height. In a small leather holster, which was fastened on his right hip, he carried a revolver; and on his left side a regulation police officer's slightly curved sabre in a wooden scabbard covered with a thin black skin and, like the hilt, ornamented with brass. As usual in his service it was fastened close up to the belt, and, after the Russian manner, arranged so that the hilt was facing backward.

Gregory had seen many of his type before, and as a 'Northerner' quickly detected the markedly Swedish intonation of his speech, for not a few police officers were recruited from the Finnish sea-board towns of the Bothnian Gulf, where the Scandinavian type and tongue predominate.

'Here are the people who are to be executed,' murmured the police official, pointing to the side of the corridor where Gregory had noticed what he believed to be big flour sacks—made to lean against the wall about a yard or so apart from one another. Not immediately grasping the meaning of the official's remark, he was just about to ask for an explanation when he suddenly noticed the sack nearest him—that is, some ten yards from where he stood—move slightly, but not much.

He looked again. Yes, they were man-high—yet these were not sacks but live men, robed in white shrouds from head to foot,

so that nothing was visible of their person, not even their feet, and all that betrayed their living presence was an occasional swerve and the heaving of their chests as they breathed.

Gregory felt his hair standing on end, and a cold shiver passed down his back, so that he shook rather than trembled.

Was such a thing as this imaginable ?

He scanned the shroud of the nearest one, and observed how about the height of the forehead, black, oval-shaped imitations of the human eye were painted upon the otherwise spotless linen shroud. This gave them all the appearance of horrible, unearthly masks, an effect heightened by the inclination of the head, which presumably from fatigue or strain bent slightly to left or right.

They were all thus, for he looked regardless of the police official who was trying to restrain him ; every one had his eyes marked in the same ghastly fashion, every one was securely fastened to the wall with the arms tied behind the back, while some invisible halter clearly held every one of them round the neck lest the head should hang forward.

‘What is the meaning of this ?’ he asked.

‘They are shrouded in this way,’ explained the official, dragging him to his former place, ‘to prevent the soldiers from recognising them, for they are all dangerous characters, and their apprehension and execution are kept secret for reasons of state.’

‘It makes it so much easier for the soldiers,’ he added, after a pause.

But they were interrupted. On their left resounded the grinding swing of the huge square iron gate which, opened from without, admitted a crowd of soldiers carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, who filed in hastily and distributed themselves along the corridor, each man halting opposite to and facing one of the shrouds not more than seven or eight feet away from the muzzle of his rifle.

The whole proceeding appeared to be very quickly carried out, as if rehearsed beforehand or practised many a time.

Gregory Dimitrievich stood petrified.

The soldiers appeared most of them undersized and betrayed their nervousness by their brusque and awkward movements, cramped, moreover, as it seemed, in their bulky grey coats and full service kit.

The last to enter was their officer, a tall, dominating figure of a cossack subaltern, who drew his sabre and in stentorian tones shouted ‘Smir-na !’ The men stood to attention. Clearly they

were 'Plastounski,' as the dismounted, small men are called who hail from the south-eastern regions of the Don Cossack territory by the northern confines of the Caucasus where, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, Europe and Asia meet.

A minute passed, but not a sound broke the stillness. Only one or two of the shrouds listed heavily, as they dragged at their fetters.

Presumably they were gagged, since no complaint was audible.

A few cossack N.C.O.'s filed in. Taller men these and, like their officer, pure types of Caucasians. Each of them bore a lantern which he lit, and then took up his place behind the extended line of the execution squad.

Standing in a row, motionless, there were some fifty cossacks at least, and opposite each, wrapt in his shroud, a defenceless victim.

'Make ready!' snarled the officer, brandishing his sabre.

Gregory shrank back and closed his eyes. They were going to shoot——

But not yet, for through the gate on the left filed in more soldiers, guardsmen this time, tall, slim fellows, some twenty of them, who formed up athwart the corridor, so that they stood sideways to the cossacks and closed up the space between the big gate on the left and the bare wall on the right.

Their officer on entering let the door fall to behind him, which was noisily barred from without.

The officer in command of the cossacks brought his curved sabre to the salute.

'At your orders,' he said, addressing the Guards officer. 'We are ready. May we proceed?'

'No,' replied the officer in command of the squad of guardsmen, who alone of all present appeared cool and collected.

'I have no doubt your men will do their duty . . . if they were not to, mine would.' He stopped.

'But,' his hand went to his pocket and he drew out a paper, 'I have here a document which commands attention.'

'I listen, sir,' replied the cossack subaltern.

The Guards officer beckoned to the police official who had shown in Gregory Dimitrievich.

'You know all the people here,' he remarked in undertones, 'so look over my shoulder as I read, and whenever I come to a name shout out the corresponding number.'

'I listen, sir,' replied the police official, who had stood to attention as soon as the other addressed him.

The Guards captain and the police official then made their way through the file of stalwart guardsmen, who momentarily stepped aside. Then, standing by the step on the left side of the main entrance gate close by the first shroud, the captain, tall and erect so as to be seen by all, unfolded the document and proclaimed in a loud voice :

'All-Highest Manifesto !

'By the grace of God, We, Nicolas II., Imperator and Autocrat of All the Russias, Tsar of Poland, Grand-duke of Finland, etc. etc.

'Announce herewith to all our true and faithful subjects :

'That in our anxiety and solicitude for the welfare of our realm it hath pleased us under our hand and sign manual this third day of February 1905, that is in the eleventh year of our reign :

'In exercise of our kingly prerogative of mercy to reprieve, notwithstanding the seriousness of their crimes against our person and this realm, certain individuals hereinafter mentioned, so that they shall not suffer the extreme penalty but have their sentence commuted as hereunder specified :

'First : Maria Antonovna Bourlakova—in consideration of her full evidence—a free pardon.'

'No. 5 from the left,' shouted the official.

Two soldiers who had remained standing by the entrance precipitated themselves on the fifth shroud from the left and freed it from the fetters which tied it to the wall. Clearly more dead than alive the veiled figure of a woman leaning heavily upon the two guardsmen who supported her was led into the corner where Gregory Dimitrievich stood.

So there were women as well as men among these shrouds !

'Second : Anna Charitonovna Klembovskaia—her sentence commuted to twelve years' confinement in Siberia, but her case and circumstances to be inquired into further.'

'No. 12,' shouted the official.

She was released in the same way and led past.

'Third : The student Ivan Andrejevich Roublevsky—in consideration of his youth and previous good conduct—his sentence commuted to ten years' exile in Siberia provisionally, but his case to be inquired into further.'

'No. 16.'

'Fourth : The student Alexander Alexandrovich Belinski—

in consideration of his youth, the sincerity and completeness of his evidence as that of his mistress—and in the belief that he was enticed into his criminal action by another who suffers the extreme penalty—his sentence commuted to life-long imprisonment in Siberia.'

'No. 7.'

'Fifth: Anna Andrejevna Muriovskaia—known as Miss Golmes—mistress of the above and in consideration of her evidence and the state of her health—her sentence commuted to life-long imprisonment in Siberia.'

'No. 26.'

'Sixth and last: Andrei Alexandrovich Godalitsky, assistant deputy inspector of railway depot—in consideration of previous good services rendered to the State—his sentence commuted to life-long imprisonment in Siberia with hard labour.'

'No. 43.'

'In the original over the signature of His Imperial Majesty,

'And given at the court of Tsarskoe Selo on the date mentioned and under the great seal and signed: NICOLAI.'

'That is all,' said the Guards captain, whose voice suddenly fell from the high-tuned key of the solemn and flowery verbiage of the official proclamation to the level of ordinary speech. 'The persons named are to be removed from the hall. Then let the law take its course.'

Together with the police official he thereupon returned to his former place, while the prisoners reprieved were being led out.

Gregory barely realised that among these was his long-lost cousin, who was going for the remainder of his natural life into a Siberian dungeon, with hard labour for his lot in some underground mine. . . . How long was he likely to suffer thus?

But the Guards captain was only waiting for the gate to fall to behind the so-called fortunates whose sentences had been commuted. Then turning to the priest he said:

'Recite the prayers for the dying!'

Mechanically Gregory Dimitrievich complied. But his faltering voice was lost in the hubbub of a few sharp, brief commands and the roll of the volley which within the narrow, enclosed space was deafening.

It drowned the agonised moans of the gagged victims as surely as the prayers of the terrified Gregory Dimitrievich, who, with his

eyes closed, muttered the sacred words in a voice which in the circumstances could not have been heard.

But none paid the least attention, his presence being a mere formality, part of the system in vogue which was not even capable of committing crime without staging it in forms of truly Oriental despotism.

For a crime it was, this mockery of justice carried out by cossack soldiery beside whom stood stalwart pretorians of the household guards with loaded rifles lest there be non-compliance with inhuman orders. . . .

Yet who could tell but that these guardsmen were covered by invisible squads distributed without in the dark vaults in case any of them should disobey? And the squads secreted in the vaults—were they not in their turn under the control of the Petropávlovsk fortress garrison? Yes, here within these securely fastened iron gates any number of men in mutiny could be overpowered with ease, hemmed in as they were and mutually separated in the bowels of the earth.

It was not merely money which held together this colossal engine of tyranny but sheer terror, maintained by the subtle subdivision of all men and all things, by the playing off of one personality against another, by the manœuvring of forces artificially pitted in enmity.

Nevertheless, the more immediate compensation to the serfs who obeyed, the meanest of doles dished out to the firing squads so as to animate their courage, was just a good ration of vodka.

It is astounding how far the human animal can be coaxed for so slender a reward.

Men are to be found at all times and in every age who master the secret rules of tyrannical governance. They exist in every land, in any conceivable structure of society, in every class of the community—not excluding the lowest, though their propensity to ruthless direct action—that is to crime—is repressed under normal conditions by the habit of law and order.

Yet let the opportunity arise, whether in foreign war or, worse, in the orgy of revolution, when prejudice and greed are fanned by an insidious propaganda that killing is no murder, and hate is mitigated by no code of military honour, no distinction of kindred, age, or sex, then even the most peaceable citizen is roused to incalculable passion and utter callousness. Yielding to the

direction of chiefs unseen—if not, indeed, unknown—buffeted between death, famine, and pestilence, multitudes of men and women are impelled in mass formation hither and thither.

So true it is that man is the slave of passion and his heart hardens all too readily to the consistency of marble.

From this rule the naturally meek and timid Gregory Dimitrievich was to be no exception. That day when he beheld for the first time this gruesome scene of terror his sensitive nature felt the horror of it all even to the uttermost limit of human sympathy which—side by side with passion—lives in every human heart.

But he suffered too keenly—he drained the poisoned cup too nearly to its last dregs, and in the process petrified his nature beyond all feeling.

This he did not realise at the moment, when the deafening volley re-echoed through the narrow, enclosed corridor, nor when he opened his eyes at the sound of stray revolver shots as the cossack N.C.O.'s, while their men were hurriedly filing out, made certain of their work in the glare of their lanterns by giving every shroud which still twitched in mortal agony the last leaden gift of Tsardom.

For presumably as a matter of policy—that is, lest the soldiers should see too much—as the sound of the volley died away, some trained stage manager had switched off the electric light, abandoning the dead, the dying, and the living to a darkness only partially dispelled by the flicker of the lanterns.

The Guards captain alone had an electric torch with which, standing by the door, he examined the rifle of each outgoing soldier to make sure that the one cartridge allowed had been duly expended in accordance with orders.

The acute realisation of utter helplessness brooded upon Gregory's mind as he followed his mentor out by the small door through which they had entered. But that consciousness of impotence writ in hard lines upon the features of a man—it was the Cain mark of serfdom, neither more or less.

Yes, he was indifferent now as he sat once again in the loneliness of his dark and dismal prison, indifferent alike to his own fate and the fate of others. A masked man might enter his cell and throttle him in the dark—he dreaded it not . . . a subservient

minion of the police might shoot him in the back while he was sent out into the narrow, stone-paved, stone-walled courtyard to take the air—he knew no longer the least fear. They might drag him out and lacerate his body with the knout—what did he care? Who was he, what was he in this colossal tragedy of life but a small pawn, one out of 80,000, one of 120,000 destined to be shot!

Who was the worse for it? was it so terrible after all? No, life was cheap—of no value whatsoever—at least not under conditions of life-long subjection.

For this reason could he not mourn for Sondrakov and his unknown companions in death. No; who were they—but men who had failed and paid the price of defeat? They would be followed by others, by countless thousands, until at last some man would succeed and bring freedom to the Russian people.

For the first time he hated Tsardom, which but a few hours ago he still revered.

Also—at last—he could understand the stoic resignation of a Sondrakov who bowed to the inevitable end. Like a brute creature which has nothing to look forward to when this existence, falsely termed life, draws to a close, he went out of the world indifferent and callous, preoccupied only lest his successors should also fail.

If a man thought thus, what did it signify? Nothing—since he had no trust in aught save violence. He came into life and found nothing, so he left even as one who has nothing to lose. So much the worse for him. . . .

But let a man have confidence not merely in himself, in his fellow human beings, in his Russia—but in God, let him ally this true and earnest trust with a never-ceasing enthusiasm for the cause of liberty—and that man would carry all before him. . . .

Let him hereafter be that man—since faith in God he still possessed, let him go and do. . . . Let him save the revolution. . . .

The blond giant had mocked him when he said the sight of the executions would do him good. . . . But it was true . . . for it roused him to a new life, to a fresh task. . . . It was the priest's mission in the world, untrammelled by the fetters of stereotyped ceremonial and outward observance which he had hitherto visualised but dimly—now he knew the way.

But, withal, he addressed no prayer to the one Christian God whose battle he determined to fight upon earth. It did not occur to him now to ask for his support, so great once more was his overwhelming belief in himself, in the unerring certainty of his

judgment which yet reposed on no firm base of settled convictions but on vague spiritualisation of material issues.

Like many a Slav before him and after him he wove colossal tissues of dreamy grandeur, and imagining everything within his reach forgot that he attained nothing. He had gone on destroying his formulated beliefs, his established Tsardom, but what he could create to replace either only existed in his dream. Yet it numbed his suffering soul and rested his body in the fleeting twilight of human illusions.

Next day he was roused early, told to take all his belongings, and ushered into a square cabinet by the main entrance to the fortress.

'We let thee go this time,' said an official with consummate politeness, 'for thou art a first offender and hast thy warning. In future be more careful in the choice of thy company.'

Then they handed him a pass valid for two weeks which, on reporting to the police at an address indicated thereon, he could get twice renewed, provided there was no fresh charge against him. But within the six weeks he must find fixed employment or leave the capital.

'Of course, thou must get into civilian clothes as soon as thou art able to,' added the suave functionary, 'for it is not meet that thou shouldst parade in a priest's garments, not being one.'

Gregory Dimitrievich undertook to comply.

'But as to that,' pursued the other, 'I mean as regards thy former ecclesiastical status, allow me in parting to say that I do not compliment thee on thy record, for runaway priests are in the eyes of us all merely soldier deserters. . . .

'However, that is now thy business solely, for thou art fortunate in this way, that Russia is now pre-occupied with issues too momentous to spare the time required for a case like thine.'

The old note of contempt for a small man like him again, thought Gregory, at the very time when they made an effort to be polite. But, so long as he was free, what did he care?

If he had the chance to lead the people they would soon find out that he was not so insignificant a creature as they thought.

The official, however, had not quite finished even now.

'I must warn thee,' he said, 'once again and most earnestly to be careful. We have thy protocol, and if ever we catch thee a second time thou shalt not escape thus.'

Gregory by a gesture indicated that he had understood, seized his pass, and turned to go.

But those in the fortress knew that they were letting him go adrift. So in their best style they courteously supplied an armed man to escort him as far as the entrance gate.

As he passed into the open, Gregory's heart was light within him. After the manner of a man restored to life after a long illness, he gazed at the frozen Nievâ and said unto himself 'I am not under the ice this time after all.'

He took a long, deep breath, letting the fresh, pure air of heaven pervade his lungs, for it appeared to him as if in this way alone he could prove unto himself that he was free at last. . . .

And he walked away, believing himself alone.

But he was struck with blindness, for at no great distance he was being followed.

(To be concluded.)

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